November 10, 1979 ONE DOLLAR

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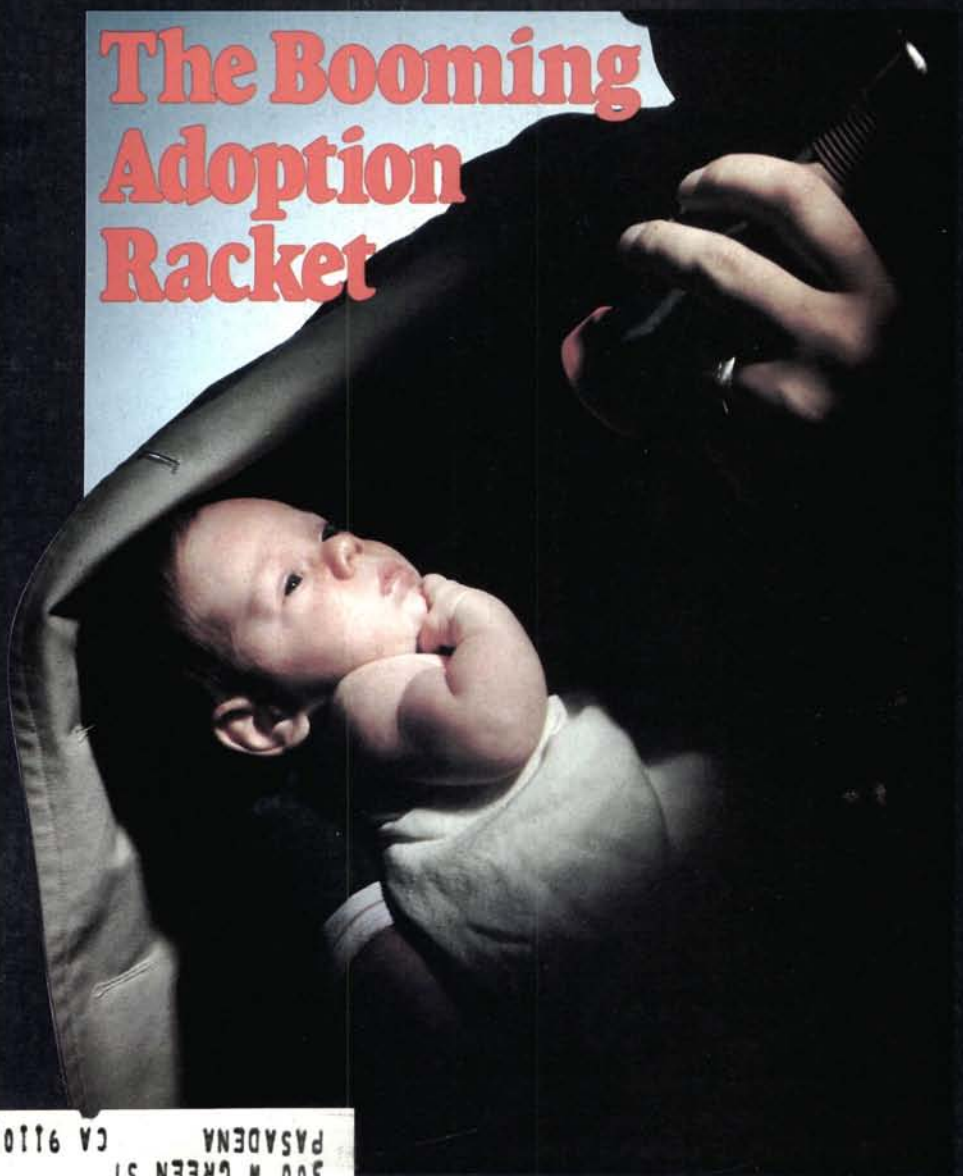
RICA EXPLORED
Places, Books, Pleasures

Saturday Review

BABIES FOR SALE

The Booming Adoption Racket



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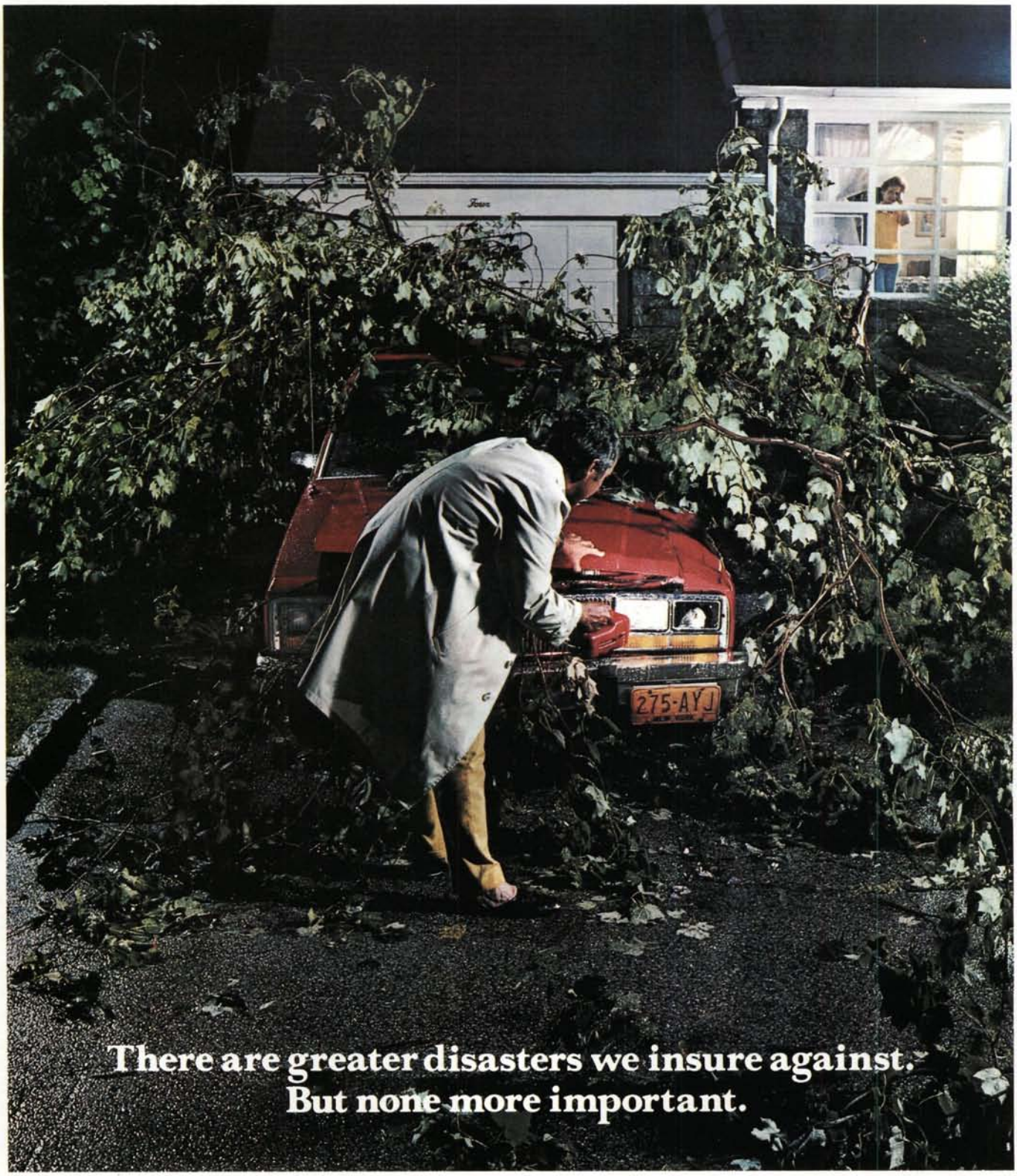

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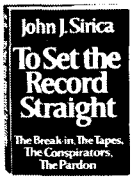
285 Pub price $9.95



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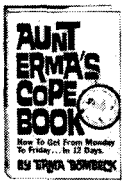

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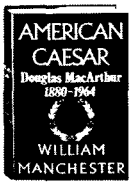

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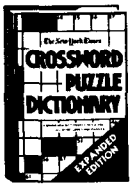

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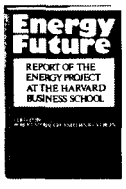

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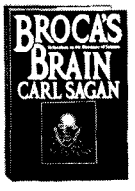

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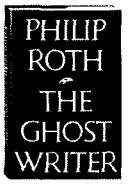

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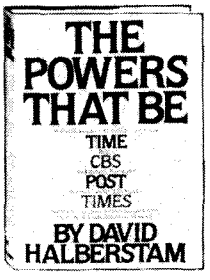

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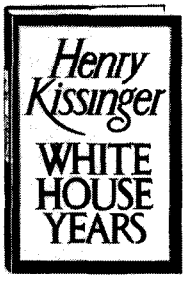

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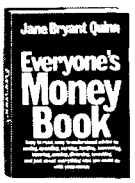

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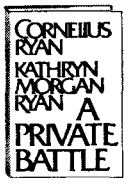

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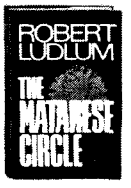

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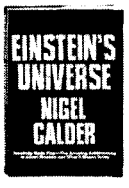

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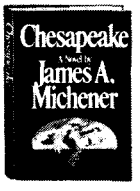

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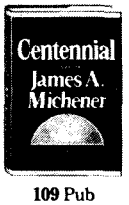

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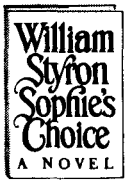

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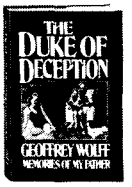

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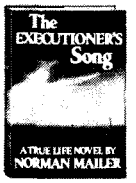

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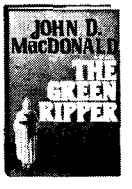

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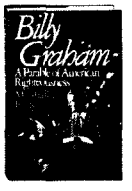

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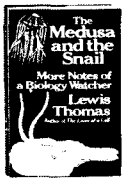

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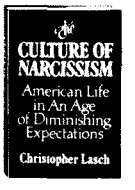

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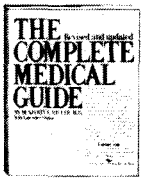

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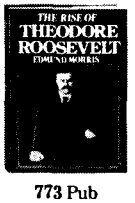

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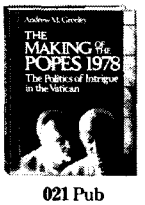

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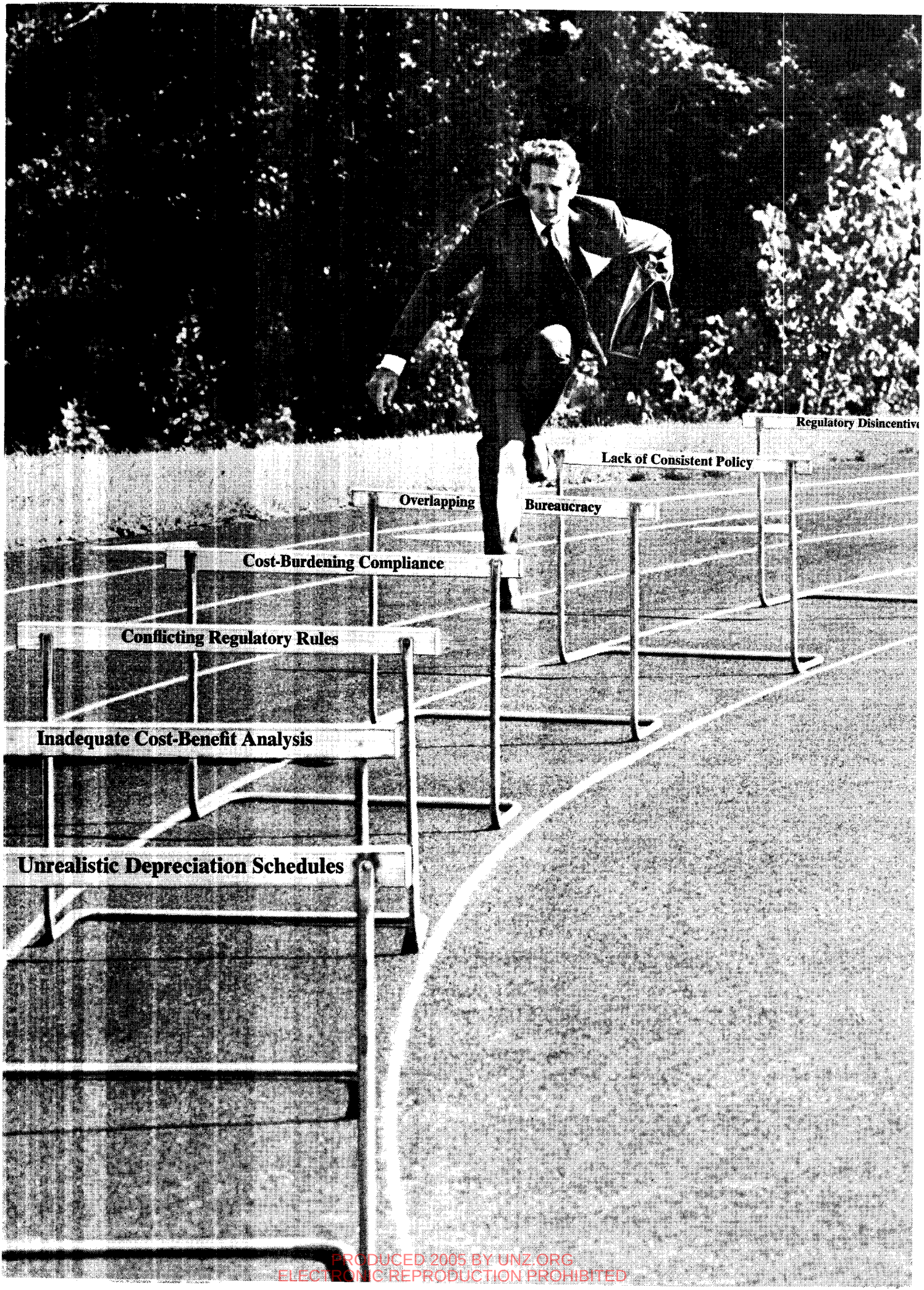

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If you like challenges...try this!

The U.S. government has given American industry an unusual challenge. How to be more productive while being more regulated. That's quite a challenge.

And to say the government has been putting regulatory hurdles in front of industry is to put it mildly.

Chase economists estimate that the annual cost of government regulations, at all levels, is well over $100 billion a year.

That's right, over $100 billion!

Simply translated, that equals:

- $470 for each person living in the U.S.,
- 4.5% of the Gross National Product,
- A fifth of the entire federal budget, and
- Three-fifths of annual private investment in plant and equipment.

And what makes up that $100 billion regulation burden?

Most of it—about $85 billion—is in compliance costs, the price business and individuals pay to respond to regulation. For instance, the private sector fills out over 4,400 different federal forms each year.

The steel industry alone complies with some 5,600 regulations administered by 26 different federal agencies. General Motors spends more than $1 billion per year—equal to 2% of its sales and one-third of its net profits—to comply with government regulations. And while big business gets hit hard, small business gets walloped.

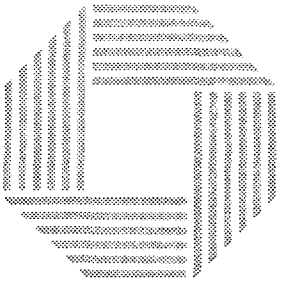
Don't get us wrong. We're not against reasonable regulations, particularly those concerning safety, health and environmental protection. We, like most Americans, want cleaner air and water and safer working facilities.

But there's no justification for a price tag of $100 billion for this purpose. Particularly not at a time when we are having difficulty effectively competing in world markets and while our standard of living continues to be eroded by inflation.

Much of that $100 billion could be better used for new business investment, for new products, for new research and development, for new plants and most important, for new jobs.

Positive uses of economic resources and material resources coupled with American productivity built this country and made our people prosperous. We need a return to these simple basics to compete in the future.

American productivity. Why put unreasonable hurdles in its way?



CHASE

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One of these mayors now runs a city with safer-driving employees, lower taxes and a brand new fire truck.

The mayor on the left saw that his city was headed for problems. A dangerously high accident rate among drivers of city-owned vehicles and a growing exposure to lawsuits made his community especially vulnerable to liability losses. At the same time, the city needed a new piece of fire-fighting equipment it couldn't afford.

The solution was provided by cooperation between city government and private enterprise.

The insurance company that provides coverage analyzed the community's loss record and safety procedures. The company helped set up a new loss control program which included a training course for drivers of city-owned vehicles. The result was a substantial decrease in the number of preventable accidents.

That in turn made it possible for the insurance company to reduce the city's municipal liability insurance premium by $35,000–enough to purchase the new fire truck.

We represent a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, and we encourage communities to participate in loss control programs. These programs can reduce municipal liability costs, help keep taxes in line and make communities better, safer places in which to work and live.

Here's what we're doing to keep municipal liability costs down:

- Working with communities to help develop loss control programs designed to reduce the number of accidents and injuries.
- Supporting state government legislation to restore balance to the legal liability system.

Here's what you can do:

- Encourage your local and state governments to establish loss control programs.
- Report hazards to the proper authorities.

Affordable insurance is our business...and yours.

This message is presented by the **American Insurance Association,** 85 John Street, New York, N.Y. 10038.

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Saturday Review

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Electric Critiques

Susan Schiefelbein has done it again—she has erected a straw man and smugly demolished him in "The Stifled Story of Electric Waves" [September 15].

It is ironic that the article highlights the phrase "Honesty and morality are as essential to American science as genius." The uses of selective quotation, data that does not stand scrutiny by scientific peers, *ad hominem* attacks on persons with differing views are never appropriate to *honest* and *moral* inquiry—yet the article is rife with such examples.

For one, the generic hearings in New York on the possible health effects of 765,000-volt transmission lines took three years and 17,000 pages of testimony before a ruling granting construction was issued. For this effort to be dismissed out of hand because of a preoccupation with conspiracy is intellectual arrogance of the worst kind and a far cry from her noble phrase.

Andrew F. Corry
Senior Vice President
Boston Edison Company
Boston, Massachusetts

Susan Schiefelbein replies: Before leveling charges of "intellectual arrogance," Mr. Corry would do well to check his facts. *All* the data in my piece has "stood the scrutiny of scientific peers"; the hundreds of pages of published documents to which I referred have passed such stringent reviews as those required by the *American Journal of Epidemiology* and the *Journal of Applied Physiology.*

Nor did I "dismiss" the New York hearing. Indeed, what I found distressing is that *after* three years and 17,000 pages of testimony regarding the safety of high-voltage lines, the recommended decision submitted by the judges was written in part by a utility employee, who based his "decision" on material never presented in court.

Given Mr. Corry's discomfort with the "morality" of one who relies on "selective quotation," it is interesting to note that he himself—a utility executive—failed to mention one salient fact: Despite the shenanigans behind the recommended decision, the Public Service Commission, in its final ruling, stated that the record "contained unrefuted inferences of possible risks that we cannot responsibly ignore" and required the utilities to spend an additional $2.5 million on expanding the safety zones under their power lines in upstate New York.

Susan Schiefelbein stretches her credibility as she attempts to dramatize the unknown dangers of radiation. Her statement, "Not one plane could lift itself into the sky, or fly, or land, without radar," is grossly inaccurate. Any Alaskan bush pilot could tell her that even radar is no substitute for good vision, knowledge of the terrain, and solid judgment. It is not connected to the engines or landing gear of an airplane, nor must it always be used.

Our lives need not be controlled by electronics. It only seems so when we forget it was developed to aid us, not substitute for us. It's time we question the balance between the values of human life and the dangers of the technology we spawn. But in order to do so we must learn to rid ourselves of oversimplified assumptions.

Lee Harris
Juneau, Alaska

Susan Schiefelbein's article on electric waves is an excellent piece of investigative writing. It is really refreshing to see journalism that is as informative and eye-opening as this.

Heather Welch
Los Angeles, California

I commend *SR* for publishing the story on electric waves. I'm a bit surprised, though, that the article didn't mention the pioneer opening of this question by the retired Chicago banker, John Nash Ott, some 20 years ago. He battled the U.S. Army over fluorescent lighting dangers and worked on the problems of television radiation for a television manufacturer.

Maybe the dangers are behind us. But we ought to have some straighter answers before we can agree. You are onto a hot subject. Ride it!

Dr. Joseph E. Howland
University of Nevada
Reno, Nevada

Pleas for Literacy

Bravo to Thomas Middleton for "Grammar Don't Matter None" [September 29]. Too many teachers have, for too long, downplayed the importance of correct structure and spelling. "We don't want to stem the creative tide," is what I am told when I find fault with my children's written reports and compositions.

While I do agree that some grammatical questions such as who versus whom have become academic games for linguistic scholars, certainly correct word usage and spelling are important if we are to consider ourselves literate.

Edy Fenster
Roseland, New Jersey

Thomas Middleton's article is a well-written, accurate presentation of Berne and Zekowski's ridiculous theory. Some of the interesting possibilities that might evolve from use of a "grammarless language" are both serious and witty. For instance:

Imagine the difficulty a politician's

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speech-writer would experience attempting to designate breathing instructions in the proper places.

And what of Victor Borge's enchanting oratories on punctuation for children's public television? Did he assign certain sounds to the period, comma, exclamation point, and quotation mark in vain?

The "deliberate idiocy" Mr. Middleton speaks of would be illustrated dramatically in the translation of literature's great classics. How can one who knows no grammar interpret writings that make use of "snobby, elitest" word usage? Did Emerson actually think, "self-reliance like wow really"?

Patricia C. Tosi
Emma Willard School
Troy, New York

Staying Strong

Norman Cousins's editorial "The Games Nations Play" [September 15] is a patently naive attempt to rekindle the passions of the Vietnam era in a totally different context.

One lesson he has not learned from his study of "Bismarckian concepts" is that weaker nations were swallowed up in the tides of history sweeping the continent in that era. Certainly, the lesson of Vietnam cannot be forgotten, yet does this mean that we shall abhor all violence even if in self-defense? To remain unprepared as did Europe earlier in the century only invites further world-wide conflagration. Hoping that the U.S. can emulate Muhammad Ali a third time is perhaps the greater folly.

Dr. Howard A. Jones
West Chester, Pennsylvania

Three Stars for the Soviets?

Having just returned from an extensive tour of the Soviet Union, I read Roger M. Williams's "Troubled Olympics: Moscow '80, Playing for Political Points" [September 1]. It is possible that Mr. Williams's pessimistic predictions and assumptions are based upon solid facts, but his criticisms concerning lodgings and food in the USSR are not only unjustified but one-sided and insensitive.

While it is true that green vegetables are scarce and rarely served, the large quantities of fruit offered more than make up for the lack of "greenery." Also, while hotel rooms may not measure up to American standards, any traveler may leave his money and belongings in his room without fear of being burglarized. Can we make the same claim? As far as "linguistic difficulties" are concerned, how many Russian-speaking persons in our country could help a Soviet visitor?

Alexander C. Niven
Clayton, Missouri

What if the sky should really fall on my head?

I WONDER WHO'S IN CHARGE

By Jack Dolan

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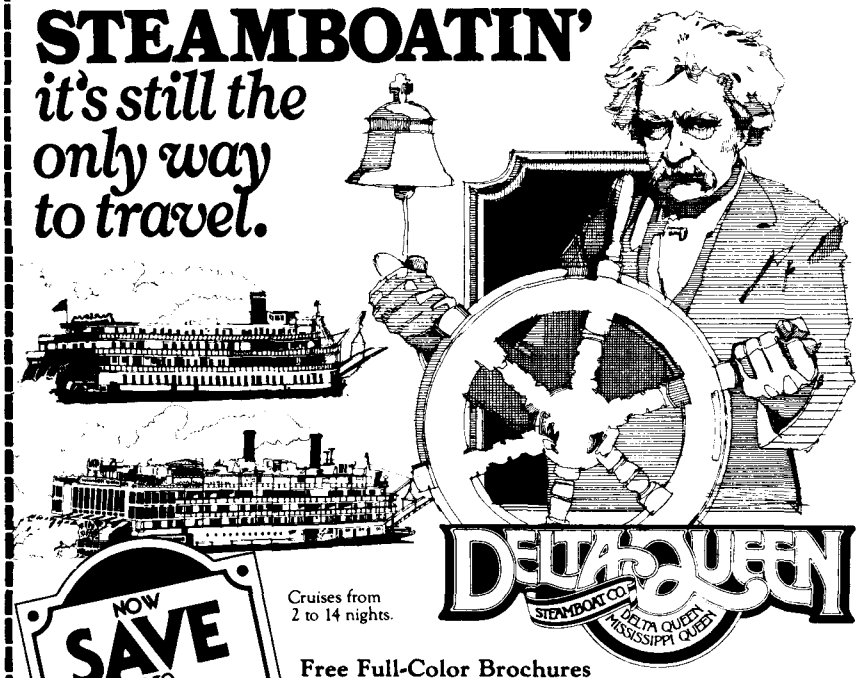

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FRONT RUNNERS

The Wide World of Arts

Success is making the world of high culture cheeky. In advance of a recent Sunday afternoon opera telecast, PBS ran the following cocksure advertisement: "La Gioconda vs. The NFL: Excitement. Heroics. Conflict. Deception. Passion. Intrigue. You can get it two ways." One was by watching Luciano Pavarotti and Renata Scotto open up their splendid lungs to one another. The other was by watching a clutch of brutes bashing each other across a chalk-striped field. The ad concluded with a heart-to-heart to the American male: "The choice is yours. Give it some serious thought."

When the dust settled, Big Sports had rolled up an average of 10 times as many Nielsen points as Big Culture. But PBS was nothing daunted. Jerry Hughes, program director for KCET, the Los Angeles public television station that produced the show, says that "those ads were responsible for the support we got, and I was surprised to see us do as well as we did."

Meanwhile, trade negotiations involving the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders and the Rhine maidens remain stalled.

Death Be Not Cheap

The following story did not originate in a situation comedy. It is too implausible not to be true.

Told that he had an incurable disease, Dennis Soyster of Laurel, Maryland, stole $29,000 from his employer and proceeded to forget his grief in riot, rather than play the false stoic and contemplate the eternal. Soyster "went off the deep end," says his lawyer, "spending up to $1,000 an evening." Such frantic consumption might have been excused in retrospect—had Soyster not been perfectly healthy. It turns out the only thing he was suffering from was a faulty diagnosis—that he was allergic to the surgical gloves used in the exploratory operation.

Soyster has pleaded guilty to embezzlement. A lenient judge gave him a suspended sentence and ordered him to repay the full debt in installments of $5,000 per year.

You're Only as Old as You Claim

The yoghurt commercial may have just gone down the tubes at the Ecuadorian village of Vilcabamba. The town's residents, like the Dannonized oldsters of Soviet Georgia, claim the lifespans of Old Testament patriarchs. But the jig may be up. Two U.S. scientists now claim, in an article in the *Journal of Gerontology*, that nobody in Vilcabamba is so much as 100.

Richard Mazess and Sylvia Foreman found that local veterans start exaggerating at about 70, more or less the same time when we start prevaricating in the opposite direction. One particularly damaging instance was that of a man whose claim to be 121 could have been true only had he been born five years prior to his mother.

The Vilcabambans, of course, are not too thrilled by these supposed revelations. The town has turned into something of a gawk show for anthropologists, journalists, and tourists, thus adding the attraction of revenue to the already powerful appeal of prestige. During his last visit Mazess was asked to explain his report "so the people wouldn't kill him," says physician Guillermo del Pozo, only half-jokingly.

Recent developments in science may end the argument before any blood is shed. Two researchers at the Scripps Institute of Oceanography have refined a technique known as amino acid racemization to determine human age without recourse to a dog-eared birth certificate. The method is based on the gradual and regular change in shape that amino acids undergo as an organism ages. The technique is said to be accurate to within 10 percent, a figure borne out by initial experiments. The researchers are now trying to obtain samples of teeth or lenses, which apparently racemize at quite a regular pace, from Vilcabamba. No word yet on whether the villagers, who are generally too healthy to be missing teeth or eyes, plan on putting their amino acids where their mouth is.

Submissions

SR will pay readers $25 for any clipping or item accepted for use in Front Runners. Please send to: Front Runners, Saturday Review, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019

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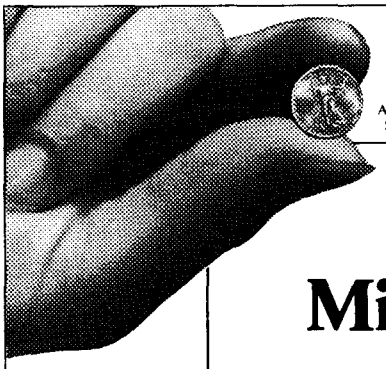
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EDITORIAL

How the U.S. Used its Citizens as Guinea Pigs

IN THE recent flurry of news, one item has been almost totally overlooked. It has been discovered, long after the event, that American military authorities secretly used the American people as unwitting guinea pigs in experiments with bacteriological weapons.

According to information now available, the Army carried out 239 open-air bacteriological tests between 1949 and 1969 on a number of American cities, including San Francisco, New York, Key West, and Panama City, Florida.

One of these tests took place in 1950, when the U.S. Navy, in cooperation with the Army, blanketed the San Francisco area with a poisonous bacteria known as serratia, which causes a type of pneumonia that can be fatal. A navy ship steamed up and down the waters near the Golden Gate for six days, spraying a bacteria-laden fog over the Bay area.

The records now unearthed make it clear that nearly all 800,000 residents in San Francisco and the surrounding countryside were exposed to the danger. In just one hospital—the Stanford University Hospital in San Francisco—12 people were treated for serratia pneumonia. Edward Nevins, a pipe fitter, died. His children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren are now suing the United States Army for $11 million for having caused Nevins's death.

The army has been able to keep secret the results of its tests over New York and other cities deliberately hit with disease-producing agents. What is known is that the experiments had three proclaimed objectives:

a. "To study the offensive possibilities of attacking a seaport city with BW (biological warfare) aerosol generated from a ship or other source located some distance offshore.

b. "To attempt to measure the magnitude of the defensive problem presented by (a) above.

c. "To gain additional data on the behavior of BW aerosol as it is borne downwind."

Documents also reveal that the San Francisco area was hit by "500 particle minutes per liter.... Nearly everyone of the 800,000 people in San Francisco exposed to the cloud at normal breathing rate ... inhaled 5,000 or more fluorescent particles."

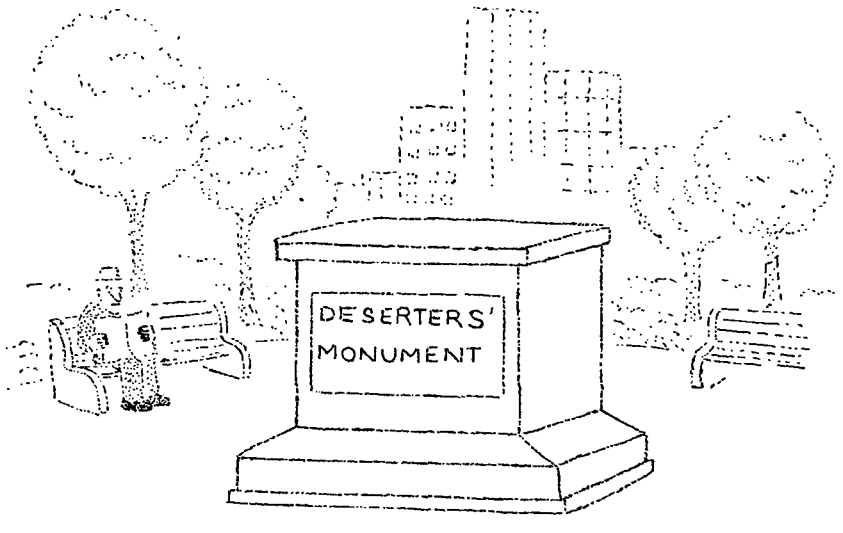
The germ warfare experiment was carried out under the secret code-name Operation Seaspray.

The American people now have the culminating evidence of the tragic monstrosities we can inflict on ourselves under the guise of national security. Ever since the end of World War II, this country has allowed its history and basic institutions to be subverted by those who have had the opportunity and the power to do so. We have deceived ourselves, or have been deceived, into believing that the only way we can defend ourselves in the modern world is by investing extraordinary powers in security agencies, as well as by creating a special agency authorized and equipped to carry out undercover and other subversive operations. It was a fallacious and menacing notion to begin with, contrary not only to our own laws and constitutional prohibitions but to the lessons of history. And so now we discover, belatedly in most instances, that outrages have been perpetrated, that assassination attempts have been made on heads of state, that many of the illegal operations we were assured would be carried out at a distance have been conducted within the United States, that our secret agencies have been in partnership on some projects with the criminal underworld, and that the CIA, according to recent news accounts, lied to the Warren Commission in the hearings on the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. It should be no surprise that many Americans even wonder whether our secret agencies were themselves involved in the assassinations of the Kennedys and Martin Luther King.

The self-deception has to stop. It is not true that the only way we can deal with potential conspiratorial enemies in the world is to imitate them. We undermine and destroy ourselves in direct proportion to the perpetuation of that self-deceit. Genuine and workable protection for the American people is possible only within the framework of an open society. The quality of life in America and the uses to which our freedoms are put are far more vital to our security and well-being than the number of atomic weapons we can accumulate or the number of secret-agency operatives we can put into the field.

The only way to stop the crimes being committed under the cloak of national security is to deprive those in power of the immunity they enjoy and inevitably exploit. The Founding Fathers were right. If a person is in a position to abuse power, the abuse becomes automatic. It is necessary to bring to trial all those responsible for illness or deaths caused in the aerosol poisoning experiments or in any of the other activities carried on outside the law. Criminality is criminality and murder is murder and must be deprived of their shelters. Watergate proved that even a President cannot be immune. That same principle must now be extended to all those who carried out crimes behind government screens.

—N.C.



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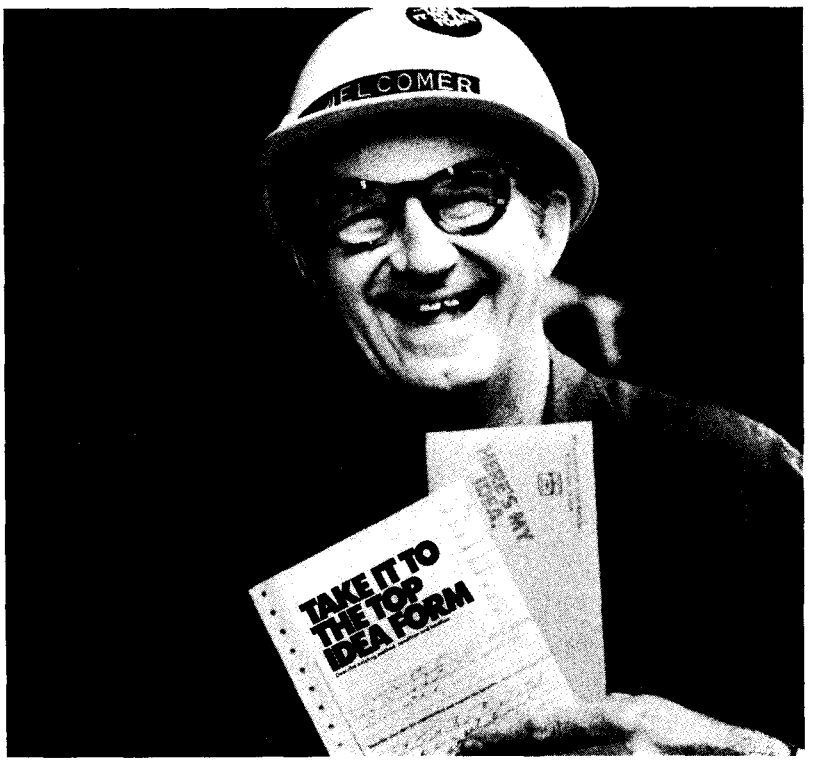
We asked our employees how we could work smarter.



Harry Welcomer, who works at Bethlehem's Steelton, Pa., Plant, was awarded $5,000 for his better idea: a new, adjustable electrode for an automatic welding machine.

Result: 9,000 "better ideas."
(Ideas that help us fight inflation.)

Our cost of making steel, like your cost of living, keeps right on rising. And like you, we're working hard to keep all of our costs in check.

Bethlehem's "Take It To The Top" program was designed to encourage employees to tell us how we can work smarter, cut costs, and improve productivity—all of which help curb inflation. Employees who came up with the best ideas won a valuable award.

Better ideas save money

Our first "Take It To The Top" program was launched in 1978. The second will get under way in 1980.

In 1978, employees turned in more than 9,000 ideas for new ways of working smarter. We evaluated each idea and put into practice as many as we could. Results have really paid off. We estimate savings, over the next three years, of more than $15 million solely from suggestions generated by that program.

Let's take it to the top in government, too

When you get right down to it, deficit spending by government is the chief engine of inflation. We need to keep government aware that unfettered spending must be brought under control—and that one way to subdue inflation is to make our tax dollars more productive. People in government can work smarter, too.

You can help

Cutting inflation down to size is everybody's business. One way you can contribute is to take your own better idea right to the top—whoever the top may be for your particular suggestion.

Your idea *can* make a difference, but only if you share it with someone who can do something about it. That someone may be President Carter... your governor...your representatives in Congress...your boss...????? Take It To The Top.

Bethlehem
Working Smarter

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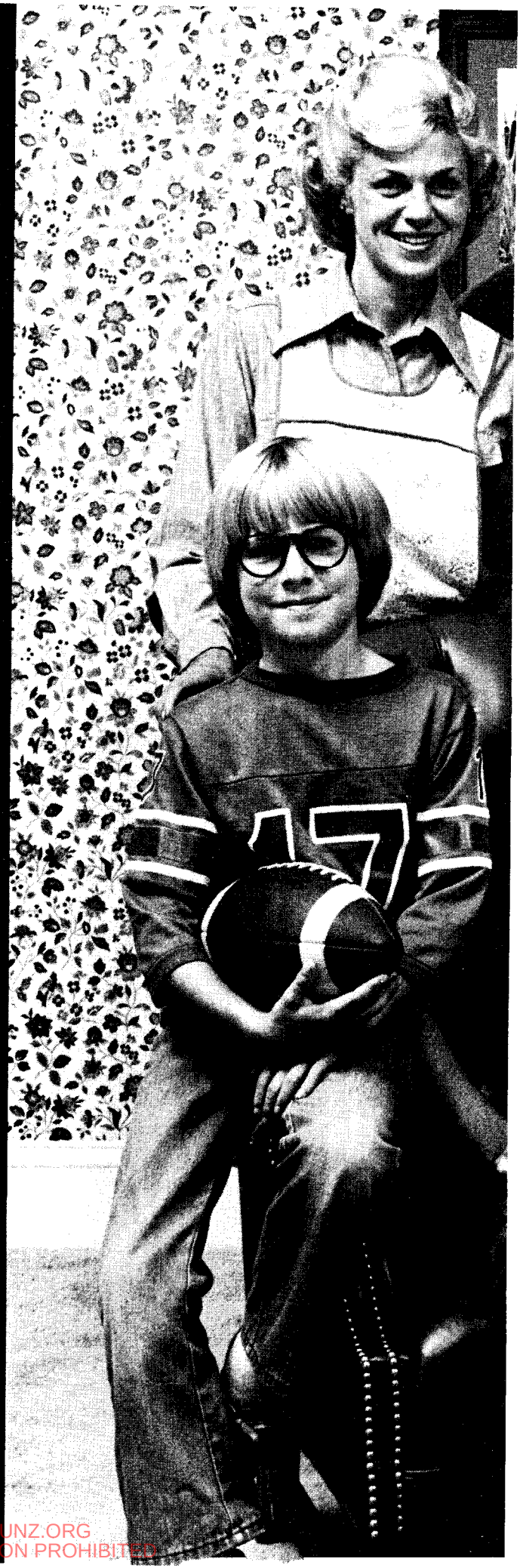
If we didn't live in Maryland, this gang of mine would probably set a new record for hospital bills.



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A Hospital Services Cost Review Commission keeps their rates down.

These days, having a healthy family is more of a blessing than you may realize. In recent years, the cost of health care has risen faster than the rate of inflation.

It's lucky for all of us that states like Maryland are blazing some cost-cutting trails. They've set up hospital cost review commissions that study hospital budgets a year in advance and recommend changes that hold down cost increases.

And look what Maryland accomplished. Since 1976, cost increases have been about 16% below the national average; a $189 million saving for all patients. And the results are as impressive in Connecticut, Massachusetts and other states.

Figures like that speak for themselves. With a little effort, and a lot of involvement, imagine what we could accomplish if every state had a commission.

We hope you're as impressed with this cost cutting as we are. As a major part of the nation's private health insurance system, which provides general health care coverage for 179,000,000 Americans and protection against major medical expenses for nearly 140,000,000, keeping costs controlled is a top priority with us. Because keeping costs down keeps premiums down, too. And that makes good health care affordable to more people.

That's why we're doing our part to help. For instance, many of our companies are cutting costs by paying for pre-hospitalization testing and second opinions for surgery.

If you'd like to know more about state hospital cost review commissions, we'll send you our free booklet, *Cutting Health Care Costs with Hospital Budget Review.* Write us at Health Insurance Institute, Department 17, 1850 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

THE HEALTH INSURANCE COMPANIES IN AMERICA

Let's Keep Health Care Healthy.

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Yellow Cab Blues

IT'S HIGH TIME we retired that ubiquitous complaint, "We can get a man to the moon, but we can't grow a ripe, luscious tomato," or, "We can put a man on the moon, but I can't get a shirt back from the laundry with all its buttons intact." That bastardized comparative has never served its purpose; still no luscious tomatoes and no shirt buttons.

However, before closing the book on the phrase, I have an urge to use it once more. So for the very last time, play it again Sam: "We can get a man to the moon, but I can't get a taxi in New York City." The title "Worst Cab Getter in the World" was bestowed on me by my wife, Jane, one night many years ago as we huddled under a theater marquee, along with a dozen or so other Manhattanites on a snow-swept street.

She had just seen me lose a cab to a feeble 75-year-old man, another to a 46-inch boy, and then one to a 36-26-36 young woman, to whom I graciously ceded victory, then opened the cab door, helped her in, and tucked her mink coat out of door's harm. While I was performing that gallantry, two husky young men rushed past me and hustled their wives out of the freezing cold into the next cab. I could have argued the point, but they were obviously tight ends on the Los Angeles Rams. They may not have been ends, but it was obvious they were tight.

As I shuffled back in the snow, Jane, who watched this disgraceful panorama in silence, said to me, "You're the Worst Cab Getter in the World." I knelt in the snow to accept the title, and during the brief ceremony, she added, "You couldn't get a cab on the moon with only a crowd of three men walking up there."

"There were only two men up there," I corrected her.

"That makes it worse," she replied. (Jane had never been enthused about the moon flight. She had always said that if God had wanted us to fly to the moon, He would have given us tickets.)

She concluded the ceremony by saying, "You could get a cab if you could whistle through your teeth like everybody else can." (I can't.) "I'm going to buy you a whistle," she proclaimed, and the next day she made the award official by presenting me with a tiny gold whistle. "It's really to hook onto a charm bracelet," she explained, "but you don't have one, so hook it onto your key ring."

I did, and that afternoon I tried the whistle out. I stood alone in front of my apartment building and blew it.

Well, what can I tell you? Only a dog could have heard it—a small dog nestled in my arms next to my cheek. It did not attract a cab. But it did attract a police car with two cops, who sat watching me. One of them came over and asked, "Why are you blowing on your key ring?" I said, "I'm not blowing on my key ring. I'm blowing on this little gold whistle my wife gave me so I could get a cab." The cop called over to his partner, "He's not blowing on his key ring, he's blowing on a little gold whistle his wife gave him." The other cop thought that over and said, "It takes all kinds, doesn't it?"

Years have passed, but I am still unable to have a taxi at my beck and call. My "beck" is good. The fault is in my "call." It always winds up as a meek question— "Taxi?" I have tried karate, which almost turned out to be hara-kiri. I've even tried prayer. That didn't get me an "amen."

There are many thousands of cabs cruising the streets of Manhattan from which you can make a selection. The problem is to get a driver who will select you, and permit you to pay him 90 cents just to say good morning to him, even before he starts driving.

But I have good news for tourists who plan to visit our little town. I have invented a diabolical charade that will, if played out correctly, get you a cab every time. You have only to follow these instructions. After you have checked into your hotel room and made plans to go to the theater, you call for a bell boy and have him take your bags down to the main entrance. If you have a golf bag or a tennis racquet, send those down with the bags. This little ruse will create the illusion that you're going back home. Taxi drivers love long rides to the airports. A cab will come up immediately. First help your wife into the cab so that it establishes your legal status, possession being nine-tenths of the law. As you get into the cab, slip the bell boy a dollar to take the bags back to your room, and turn to the driver and say, "Shubert Theater." Ten to one the driver will turn to you and say, "Ain't that something? We can get a man to the moon, but I can't get a fare to the airport."

—Goodman Ace

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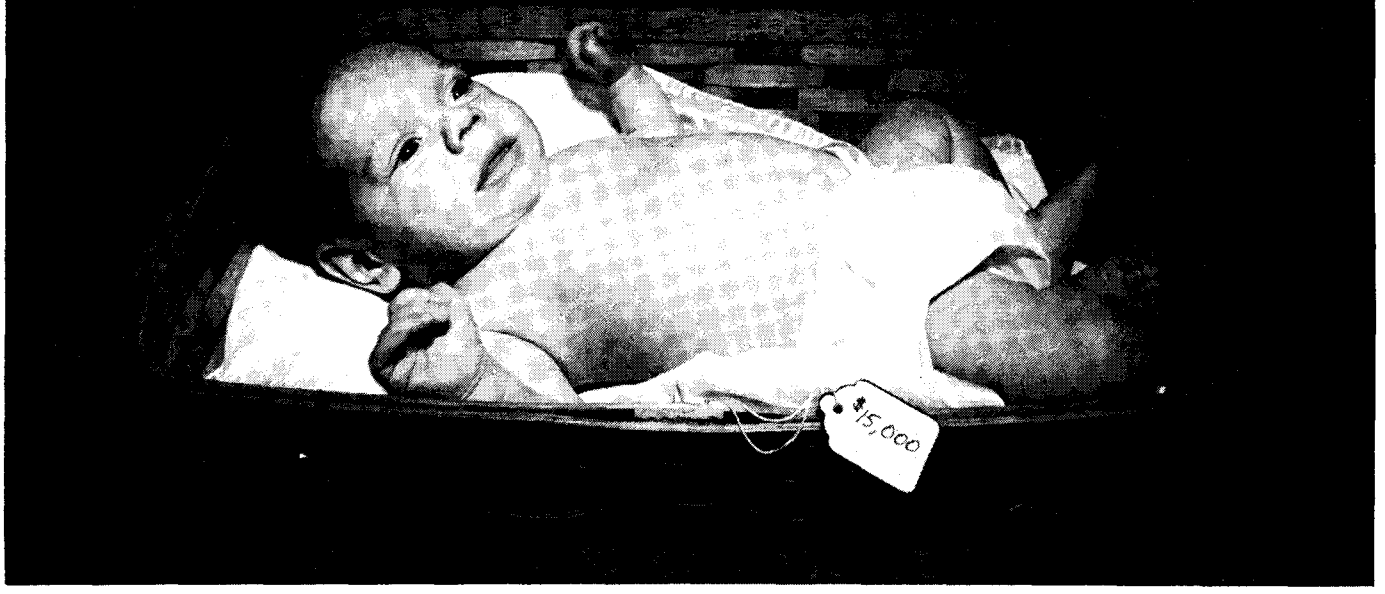
Saturday Review

BABIES FOR SALE

The Booming Adoption Racket

by Lynne McTaggart



KEN AMBROSE

HOWARD AND NATALIE ADLER had their own business and a spacious new home with a guest room they were ready to convert to a nursery—until a doctor informed them that they could not conceive a child. They decided to adopt. After extensive inquiries, they soon realized that no agency or attorney in their area could help. They did learn, however, that a baby was available through Theodore Trushin, a Florida attorney.

When the Adlers phoned him, he outlined the deal in detail. A pregnant Florida teenager in her sixth month was to fly with her stepmother to New York and stay there in a motel until she gave birth in a Long Island hospital. The couple would then pick up the baby at the hospital and fly to El Paso, Texas, where a Mexican attorney would take them across the border, go with them to court, and get them an adoption decree that day.

The cost would include round-trip airfare for the girl and her stepmother; $200 a week for their eight-week stay in New York; their motel and living expenses; a $400 post-delivery gift to the girl ("to get her back on her feet," said Trushin); plus $6,000 to him, payable up front, which covered $300 for the Mexican lawyer as well as Trushin's unreceipted fee for locating the girl and handling some paperwork. Including all plane flights and lodging in Mexico, a grand total, Howard estimated, of $15,000.

"And I do have another person who is interested," Trushin said apologetically. "I have to go with the first six thousand that gets here."

THE ABOVE ARRANGEMENTS ARE TYPICAL of adoption in America today, a lucrative industry operating on greed and exploitation, with white babies its precious commodity and prices determined by desperation. Those in the white-baby adoption business are no longer state-certified social workers and government or religious agencies, but a small group of private entrepreneurs, dealers, and middlemen who have turned a placement into a deal. Suitable couples are not sought for homeless children; couples shop for suitable children—those of the best stock, with the best physical and mental characteristics and the least likelihood of being defective. These days, the only criterion for a couple's suitability is ability to pay. And despite some good intentions, rationales, and prettily turned phrases, our present method of handling the thousands of unwanted white infants in this country often comes down to a single common denominator: the dollar.

As in any other business, baby brokers have been able to turn a healthy profit through the shrewd exercising of rather sophisticated merchandising principles, the most fundamental of which is that limited supply and increased demand boost the going rates. They have set up national and international importing networks. They offer insurance policies and "package" deals. They've invented elaborate come-ons and gimmickry designed to induce pregnant girls to give up their babies. There is warehousing, bidding, bargaining, and price tags of $10,000 or more.

To adopt a white baby today is to become involved in racket built upon "laundered" money, fraudulent court docu-

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LOS ANGELES TIMES

Ronald Silverton, a suspended attorney in Los Angeles, planned a hotel and industry in the Caribbean where pregnant girls would stay and work before giving up their babies.

ments, front companies, and cash payoffs. Most couples who can afford to adopt a baby have become matter of fact about going to any lengths, including lying to authorities, to get a child. It has become commonplace for pregnant teenagers to be bribed or pressured into giving up their babies. There are monopolies, conflicts of interest, blatant abuses of power, and a lack of safeguards in the entire adoption system.

Private placement is legal in all but four states (Delaware, Michigan, Connecticut, and Minnesota), and like agency adoption, it is finalized through the court. The major difference, however, is in who actually makes the placement—that is, chooses the adoptive parents: In agency adoption, the agency places the child, whereas in private adoption, the biological mother (or close relative or guardian) is theoretically supposed to.

In the purest of circumstances, a biological mother and a set of adoptive parents would locate each other directly, work out all the arrangements, and retain an attorney to handle the paperwork. But it is rather difficult for a pregnant woman to "find" adoptive parents for her child, and even if she could, most couples would prefer not to meet her or haggle over the terms. Out of this most untenable situation arose the practice of having an attorney or doctor "facilitate" placement by acting as a go-between for the two parties.

Nowadays, what was once an exception to the almost exclusive agency business has now become the rule; an estimated 5,000 to 10,000 babies are given up in high-price adoptions facilitated by attorneys and physicians each year (representing one-fourth of all non-relative adoptions and one-half of all private non-relative adoptions).

Moreover, those active in the business (attorneys, primarily) are not simply intermediaries but brokers of sorts, who keep waiting lists of adoptive parents, get referrals of pregnant women, and, in effect, pair them up. These attorneys are not just hired to handle the paperwork but are sought after by desperate couples to find them a baby. As a result of some profound societal changes, private adoption has become almost the only way a childless couple can get themselves a healthy white American-born infant.

The nationwide repeal of the abortion laws in 1973 has contributed to a severe baby shortage. While there is an unprecedented number of pregnancies among unmarried teenagers (one million each year, according to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare), with increasingly more liberal attitudes toward illegitimacy, most unwed mothers are deciding to keep their babies.

Adoption agencies in many cases are compounding the shortage because they maintain arbitrary, prejudicial, or overly stringent standards as to who is fit to adopt a child and what child is fit to be adopted. They have also discovered that they can keep themselves in operation by "renting" out their stable population of children in indefinite foster care, and they are loath to lose a foster child—their most generous source of revenue from federal, state, and local authorities—to a permanent home.

Foster-care reimbursements to agencies cover the maintenance of children in single foster homes, group homes, or institutions, plus administrative and operating expenses. While budgets vary from agency to agency, generally about one-half of a per-child foster-care subsidy pays for child care and one-half for agency upkeep. An agency's gross annual income per child ranges from as low as $780 for a child in a New Mexico foster family to $50,000 for one in a California institution for the emotionally disturbed. This subsidy can be an ongoing source of income for the agency for as long as 18 years if a child is kept from infancy until his majority.

This fiscal "dis-incentive" to encourage adoption, as one social worker delicately put it, is aggravated by the fact that the determination of a child's adoptability or a prospective couple's suitability is placed almost exclusively in the hands of a social worker who has had minimal training and often little experience. (Only four schools of social work offer training in foster care and adoption, and their courses are considered "innovative" in the field.) Decisions are often made according to personal judgment, personal prejudice, and outmoded standards. One social worker, noting a two-year-old child fondling itself, wrote on her progress report: "Proclivity to promiscuity. Must be watched."

With babies at an all-time premium, and social-service conditions no less than deplorable, couples wanting to adopt white infants have had to resort to extreme measures. Probably a majority of middle-class couples are tapping underdeveloped countries, primarily Colombia and Korea, for babies. But for those who can afford it, the most expedient route is to go to their local broker—one of those handful of enterprising individuals who have stepped in to fill a wide-open seller's market.

These brokers have been able to corner the supply of white infants because their means of finding unwed mothers-to-be are far more aggressive than those of agencies. They enlist the help of abortion clinics, hospitals, pregnancy-testing services, and abortion "hotlines"; they work with finders and other attorneys in the United States and foreign countries; they arrange quid-pro-quo deals with doctors, trading obstetrical business for referrals.

Private attorneys also offer pregnant women a better deal in terms of room and board and medical expenses than agencies do, and without the embarrassing, often judgmental interviews of social-worker counseling. The law allows a couple planning to adopt a girl's baby to assume her medical expenses and, if necessary, her living expenses during confinement and shortly after delivery. And with the baby shortage, the girl generally is the final arbiter of those conditions—which often can amount to a long-term vacation.

In 1973, Ronald Silverton, a suspended attorney in Los Angeles, offered girls with unwanted pregnancies what he termed a "better alternative to abortion." His plan, called Save a Life Adoption Service, was to create a hotel and industry on St. Maarten, a Dutch protectorate in the Caribbean with liberal adoption laws, where pregnant girls would stay and work during their term of pregnancy, leaving with $3,000 whether or not they decided to give up their child for adoption. Silverton ran an ad in the *Los Angeles Free Press*, depicting an idyllic scene of swaying palm trees on sand dunes, with the announcement:

> DON'T HAVE THAT ABORTION
> Have Your Child And Caribbean Vacation,
> At The Same Time.

He planned to charge adoptive couples $10,000, hoped to offer these clients same-day adoption service, and apparently toyed with the idea of pooling resources with the owner of a low-cost travel business, figuring they could net not less than "a million dollars per month plus what could be obtained from the operation of a hotel and 'tour package' for the client who travels to adopt."

Eventually Silverton had to abandon his original concept

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ROY MORSCH/NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

Joseph Spencer, a New York attorney, assured adoptive couples a child, thus eliminating the risk of paying out money for a pregnant girl who could later decide not to give up her baby.

and proceed with a modified domestic version. But one person who has successfully tapped foreign resources is New York attorney Stanley Michelman. Between 1971 and 1975 Michelman set up an active importing service from West Germany and Austria, where abortions at the time were illegal. Several Michelman associates placed ads in foreign newspapers, offering help to women with unwanted pregnancies. Suitable respondents were flown to America between their sixth and ninth month of pregnancy to give birth on U.S. soil. Since the babies were automatically American citizens, the setup circumvented the red tape of immigration and naturalization involved in adopting a foreign child.

For his domestic supply of babies, Michelman relied on an assortment of abortion clinics and pregnancy hotlines, primarily Abortion and Adoption Assistance, Inc., on Long Island. These abortion "counselors" would refer to him women who were too advanced in their pregnancies for abortions. In return, he says, they would receive between $1,500 and $6,000 cash—usually $4,000—for each girl referred who consented to give up her child for adoption.

Other New York attorneys, such as Joseph Spencer, worked with associates in states like Florida that have more plentiful supplies of babies. The southern attorney would get hold of a "situation" (the euphemism in the business for an unwanted pregnancy), then mail out biographies of these mothers-to-be to various northern colleagues. Spencer would give his clients their choice of biographies, check to see that it had not already been "bid" on, then sit back as his associate handled all the details pertaining to the pregnancy and birth. After the adoptive parents had picked up their baby, Spencer would set up the court finalization procedure and then collect somewhere between $2,500 and $4,000 for his trouble.

Spencer's method of dealing with his southern associates differed from the arrangements made by other northern adoption attorneys. Under Spencer's method, which amounted to a no-fault insurance policy, an adoptive couple would pay the associate a "package" fee of between $7,000 and $11,000 to cover the woman's expenses and the associate's fee. The advantage of no-fault, explained Spencer, was that it would assure the adoptive couple a child under any circumstances and would eliminate the risk of paying out unrecoverable money for a pregnant girl when she could at any point renege on the deal. The premium also paid off in cases in which medical complications developed—a cesarean, say—and it provided couples with a no-extra-charge exchange policy should an "unadoptable" baby be produced. "You're paying for insurance," said Spencer, "you're paying for a certain amount of *a*ssurance."

Theodore Trushin, a Miami Beach attorney who supplied many Spencer clients with babies (and made the arrangements with the Adlers described earlier), maintained what was, in essence, a low-overhead warehouse where pregnant girls could live prior to giving birth. He converted a house of his in North Miami to hold as many as seven girls at a time, complete with part-time housemother, tutoring classes, an old Cadillac, and access to a swimming pool. "This was a situation where there were no babies available so you had to make it *attractive* for the girls," he said.

According to Trushin's calculations, making it attractive for the girls was going to cost each set of adoptive parents a flat $10,000 before he could make a profit. "I would say, as you advanced along," explained Trushin, "you got a better picture of what it was going to cost you, and you could figure out what your losses would be.

"Deformed babies, unadoptable babies, averaged out 10 percent. I'll include in that change of heart by the mother. Now, you have extraordinary costs in another 10 percent. I've had cesareans, maybe the baby was born jaundiced, maybe the baby was born with six toes, which is a nominal thing, they just chop it off, or a tail—again, just chop it off.

"I would never allow a defective baby to go to parents unless they insisted upon it. It only happened in one or two cases, and then only with minor defects."

While still working for Trushin, his house mother, Kathy Flood, set up a franchise of her own, a for-profit corporation by the name of South Florida Preparatory Care Residence, Inc., a more formal version of Trushin's warehousing idea. The actual preparatory care residences consisted of Ms. Flood's home, plus another she had rented right around the corner from Trushin's North Miami house. She then started a side business, diverting some of Trushin's referrals to her own homes and also arranging to have the babies adopted through Miami attorney Julius I. Friedman, who apparently offered her more than the $1,000 Trushin had been paying per healthy delivery.

"She was running—let's call it a business, a place for wayward mothers," says Friedman. "I thought this place for unwed mothers was a great thing. And I'll tell you, if I were younger, I wouldn't hesitate to become very active in creating such places. You know, they have Boys Town, things like that. Why not one of these?"

RICHARD AND HARRIET SCHULMAN received a call from their New York attorney instructing them to meet his associate in Florida, who would hand over the baby boy they were to adopt.

Two days later, they were waiting in a Florida hospital lobby when a stranger came up to them. He was wearing what appeared to be a false goatee and what was definitely a hairpiece, slapped on like an afterthought. The baby was being dressed in the second-floor nursery, but before they could see him, there was one last order of business to be carried out, and to do so, Richard followed the attorney into the men's room.

Richard went into a stall and locked it. He removed his right shoe, reached into his sock, underneath the sole of his foot, and extracted 20 new hundred-dollar bills. When he opened the stall door, the attorney was standing beside the sink, next to a urinal. Richard walked over to the attorney. He watched his own face in the bathroom mirror as he handed over, with the abandon of an attendant offering a paper towel, the final installment of the cost of his first-born. He watched the attorney count it carefully, *twice*—$1,800, $1,900, $2,000. "Okay," said the attorney. "Now we can go upstairs."

MANY DEALS MADE between brokers and their clients involve such furtive cash payments, as well as incomplete financial statements made to home-study workers or on court papers, circuitous arrangements, or fraudulent residences. Nevertheless, while the laws of various states have been designed to prevent profit-making intermediaries from "trafficking in infants," most laws contain giant loopholes or are so ambiguous that it has been difficult, if not impossible, to prosecute participants in any transactions other than direct sales by the biological mother or clear cases of fraud.

In 1975, Theodore Trushin was charged with the sale of a

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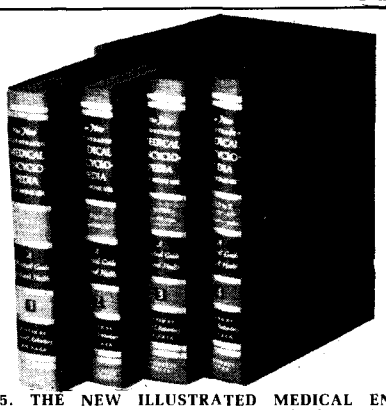

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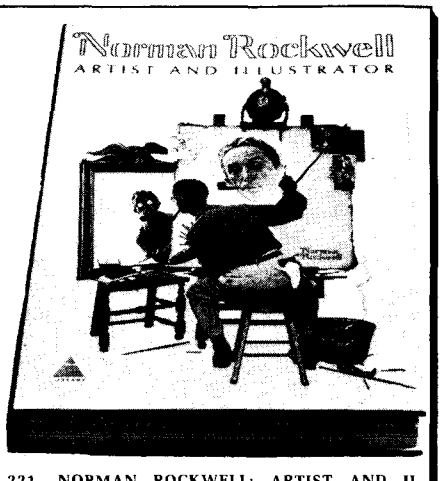

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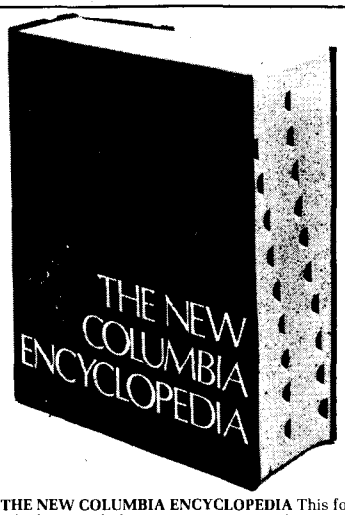

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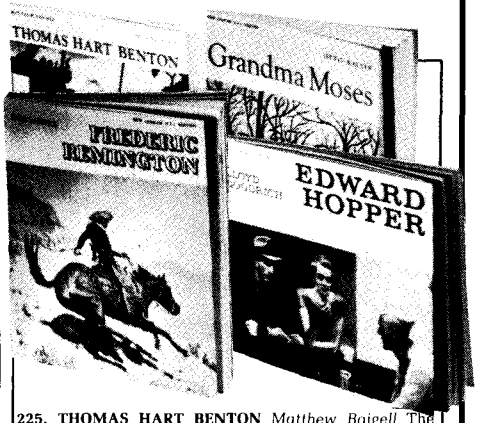

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ROY MORSCH/NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

Stanley Michelman, a New York attorney, imported pregnant women from West Germany and Austria. When born here, the babies they would give up for adoption were automatically citizens.

child, but the case was dismissed, partly because the presiding judge felt that it was impossible to determine whether money paid to an attorney in an adoption represented payment of a legal fee or payment for the child. In other cases, prosecutors have had difficulty establishing that the defendant was acting as an illegal intermediary in an adoption, rather than as an attorney representing the adoptive parents. Still other prosecutors have been hampered because the courts in many states have not required a full disclosure of all costs, including referral and attorney fees, in an adoption. The problem in prosecuting such cases is compounded by the fact that most adoptive parents are either afraid or unwilling to testify against baby brokers because they believe their children would be taken away from them if they did. Most biological mothers are not aware of the monetary arrangements. If baby brokering is in fact a crime, it is not only nonprosecutable, but in many ways the perfect crime itself.

In 1975, Florida was one of the first states to rush through "get tough" legislation, making it a felony for attorneys to charge more than $500 for their fees plus costs unless approved by the court, and prohibiting babies born in Florida from being adopted by couples out of state.

The new Florida law presented a logistics problem to southern attorneys, but they got around it with a minimum of effort. Trushin's means of circumventing the ban on interstate adoptions was possibly the most ingenious—as planned with the Adlers, the mother was simply shipped out of Florida before she was due to deliver.

Rather than taking care of the problem, what the new law had instead accomplished was to aggravate the situation because the estimated cost of the Adlers' adoption was far higher than Trushin's $10,000 fee under the old law. Crackdowns on private adoption in other states have only caused arrangements to be more furtive than they were before, and where all semblance of procedure is abandoned, subterfuges multiply, prices skyrocket.

One of the cleanest and most efficient ways around any American adoption law is to get a quickie Mexican adoption through Vicente Gonzalez Santillan. Gonzalez is the undisputed king of what amounts to a Mexican adoption "laundry". He is to adoption what the Mexican banks were to Watergate: a method of "laundering" a questionable transaction and eliminating any trace of the source.

Gonzalez is based in Juarez, a border town adjacent to El Paso, Texas, noted for same-day dental service, prostitution, and a booming divorce business during the Fifties and Sixties when the residency requirement there was 24 hours. The entrance to Gonzalez's office has a painting of the Sacred Heart of Jesus overhead, and in the cement threshold are embedded new copper pesos, a Mexican talisman that means "May it Rain Money." But Gonzalez is not one to leave money to chance or higher authority; he appears to have an interior divining rod that points him in the direction of whatever legal specialty in Juarez is most lucrative at the moment.

Gonzalez's quickie divorce business dried up in 1971 when the Mexican government began a campaign to shut down Mexico's divorce mills. But then he discovered another service he could render, a means by which American adoption attorneys could conceal possibly illegal transactions, avoid U.S. law-enforcement examination, or effect adoptions by Americans of American infants that might not go through courts in the States.

In the United States, adoptions may take up to a year or two; in Mexico, adoptions take a half-hour. There is no home study to go through, no social workers, no red tape, no scrutiny of attorneys' fees or of moneys paid to the biological mother, who does not need to appear, no questions asked.

While certain transactions in an adoption might not be legal in the States, once a decree is issued in Mexico, those transactions are effectively laundered. When an adoption is approved, birth records and adoption papers are forever sealed, and any illegal or questionable payments are sealed along with them. An adoption decree issued in Mexico is generally recognized in the States, and U.S. prosecutors are powerless to reopen them for investigation.

CERTAIN PROPONENTS of private adoption argue that baby brokering is a victimless crime—even in the most questionable deals. Ivan Fisher, Michelman's attorney, believes that the "moral good" of what Michelman was doing outweighed the bad and that such things as cash payments to finders are "just part of the process." ("You know, this kind of thing happens in every area," he said. "Real estate ....") CBS radio commentator Phyllis Schlafly announced, in response to the reported going rates for adoptions (a remark that would eventually win a 1978 Ms. Magazine Ayn Rand Free Enterprise Award): "What's so wrong with that? Where there is a willing seller and an eager buyer, and the baby moves from an unwanted environment into a home with loving adoptive parents, where's the crime?"

But the more precious babies become, the greater the possibility of victims: Couples who can't afford the price tags or young girls "counseled" by parties with a vested interest in the relinquishment of their children. Shari, for instance, was undecided about adoption, once she gave birth to twins. According to her sister, "As far as her decision to give them up, Shari supposedly made it herself. But the attorneys were always on the phone with her, always, even at the hospital. They kept preaching to her how she'd be ruining her life, how she'd have to support the babies, how she'd have to pay back all the medical expenses if she changed her mind."

And what of children placed with couples whose only suitability requirement is a substantial bank account? Or even those children in good homes, upon learning one day that their only known identities, in effect, had begun with a cash sale in a parking lot?

Michelman doubts that this news would have an adverse effect upon a child. "How would I feel if my father paid $10,000 to adopt me? Boy, that guy *really* wanted me. He paid that *much* for me, he really wanted me that *much*, and he gave me so much love after that, what a fan*tas*tic guy."

But Jeff Blucher, who could easily afford the $10,000-plus cost of an adoption, continues to be tormented by the notion that paying *that much* for his son, Christopher, was wrong. Jeff isn't sure how he will tell his son about the monetary arrangements of the adoption. "I guess I'd say I had to pay it. I *had* to pay it. It was asked of me. It was part of the agreement. I had to pay ... *money* to get you."

Jeff considers Christopher a victim of the circumstances and, in a sense, himself as well. "Just the idea of paying money for Christopher. That will never leave me. How *could* it?"

Lynne McTaggart is an investigative journalist. This article is adapted from her forthcoming book, The Baby Brokers: The Marketing of White Babies in America, *which will be published by Dial Press in January.*

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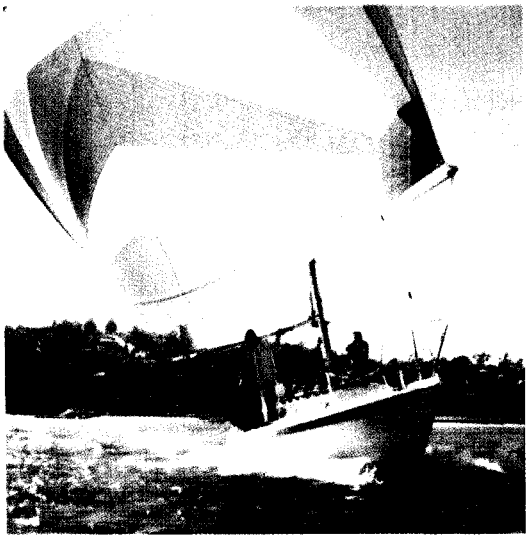

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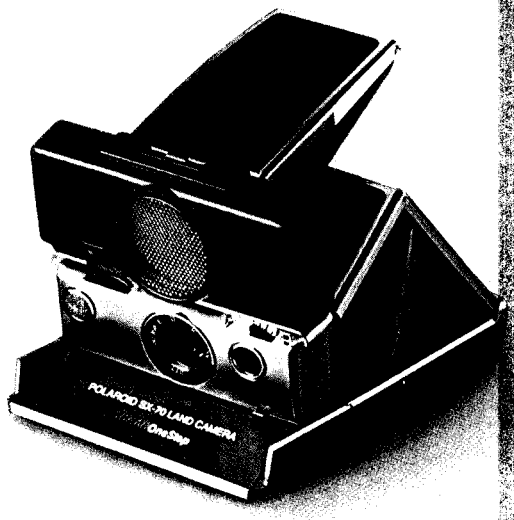

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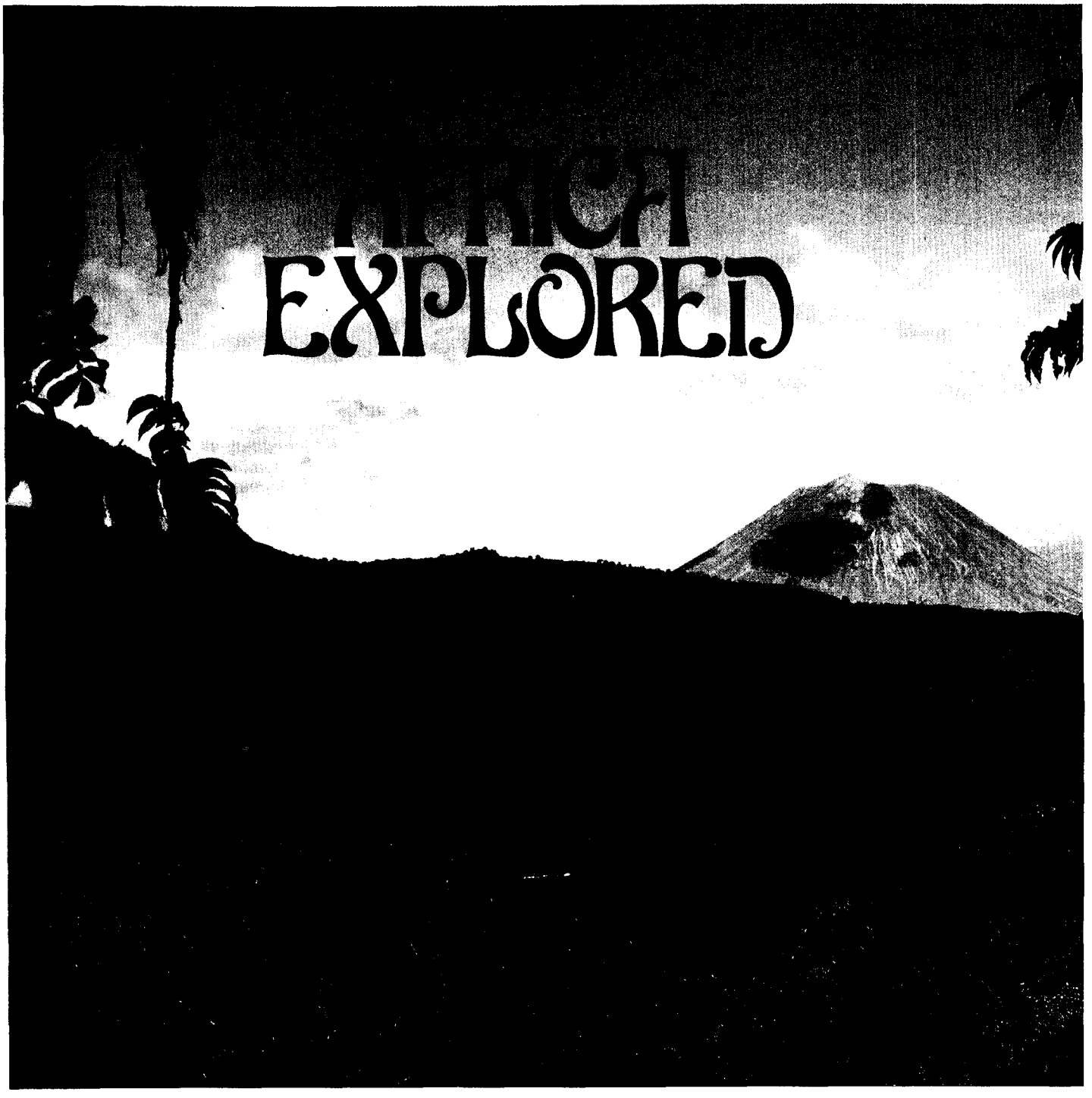

HENRY MORTON STANLEY electrified the world when, dispatched to Africa by his newspaper, the *New York Herald*, to find the explorer-geographer-missionary, David Livingstone, he came upon him in Ujiji on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. The casual greeting, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" was engraved in history, and Stanley's books that followed piqued the imagination of generations. For others there was Dr. Howard Carter's discovery of the tomb of Tutankhamen. Generations read the clean descriptive prose of Isak Dinesen, the stories of Hemingway. Tarzan was a hero of films and books and funny papers. And then came a heroine, Elsa, the inimitable lioness of *Born Free.* All these romanticized the Dark Continent. It was the jet that moved Africa within the reach of sightseeing man. Essays prepared for those who would consider the journey comprise the portfolio appearing on the succeeding pages, written by contributors who view Africa from a myriad of compass points and report on everything from a dip in the Indian Ocean to a goblet of African wine.

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EDMUND BLAIR BOLLES

Across the Tsavo and Into the Sea

by Caskie Stinnett

I AWOKE at dawn to the sight of sunlight brushing the tops of palm trees and moving across the ocean, and for a few brief moments I was confused as to where I was. The room was filled with the heavy scent of flowers that were unfamiliar to me and there was a bowl of strange fruit on the table beside my bed. As the cobwebs cleared from my brain, I remembered that I was at the Nyali Beach Hotel, on the outskirts of Mombasa. I had driven yesterday through the endless thorn scrub of Tsavo National Park, the burned and dusty country that separates the Great Central Plateau of the African continent from the green vegetation of the coast, and had arrived in Kenya's second city well after dark.

Forgoing dinner, I had taken a bath and gone immediately to bed, totally fatigued by the jostling, the glare, the heat, and the swirling dust. Tsavo Park is said to have the greatest concentration of elephants in the world, and I believe it. There were so many, on both sides of the road, that they became meaningless. If my companion had said, "There's a rabbit," I would have looked; I no longer looked at elephants. Late in the afternoon, when torpor seized me, I thought there was nothing in the world besides dust, thorn trees, elephants, impalas, wildebeests, koodoos, reedbucks, and zebras. The Indian Ocean appeared to have been permanently misplaced.

Tsavo is not only the largest game park in Africa, but is the largest in the world. Its 8,069 square miles of bush and semi-desert, ranging in altitude from 2 to 3,500 feet, is a hostile environment for man and is none too hospitable to animals. It is rough and hilly ground, lying just to the east of Mt. Kilimanjaro, and it would seem to have rejected civilization entirely but for the fact that the 356-mile road from Nairobi to Mombasa cuts almost through its center, dividing it into Tsavo Park East and Tsavo Park West. The still-impressive herds of hippos cling to the area around Mzima Springs, in Tsavo West. Early explorers avoided the area entirely because of the heat, the desert, and the prickly vegetation, as well as the fact that Tsavo's lions were the fiercest in Africa. Tsavo East lies slightly to the east of the Yatta Plateau escarpment and is less hilly than Tsavo West, but no more hospitable.

The last few days I was in Tsavo Park, the green coastal area floated in my mind like a mirage. I could see the palm trees waving above blue water, the cool, deep shade of the gardens, the hibiscus, bougainvillea, and frangipani making brilliant splashes of color against hotel terraces, and beaches that were long sweeps of white coral sand. It had seemed far away and unattainable, perhaps even a delusion. Now I was there.

I put on a shirt and trousers and, barefooted, made my way across the polished floor of a veranda cafe, and descended a short flight of stairs. Although it was very early, a boy in a white coat said "Jambo" politely, and asked if I

MICHAEL WINN

Tanzania's Oldonyo Lengai, Mountain of God, above; acacias on a savannah, right— "Different from trees in Europe."

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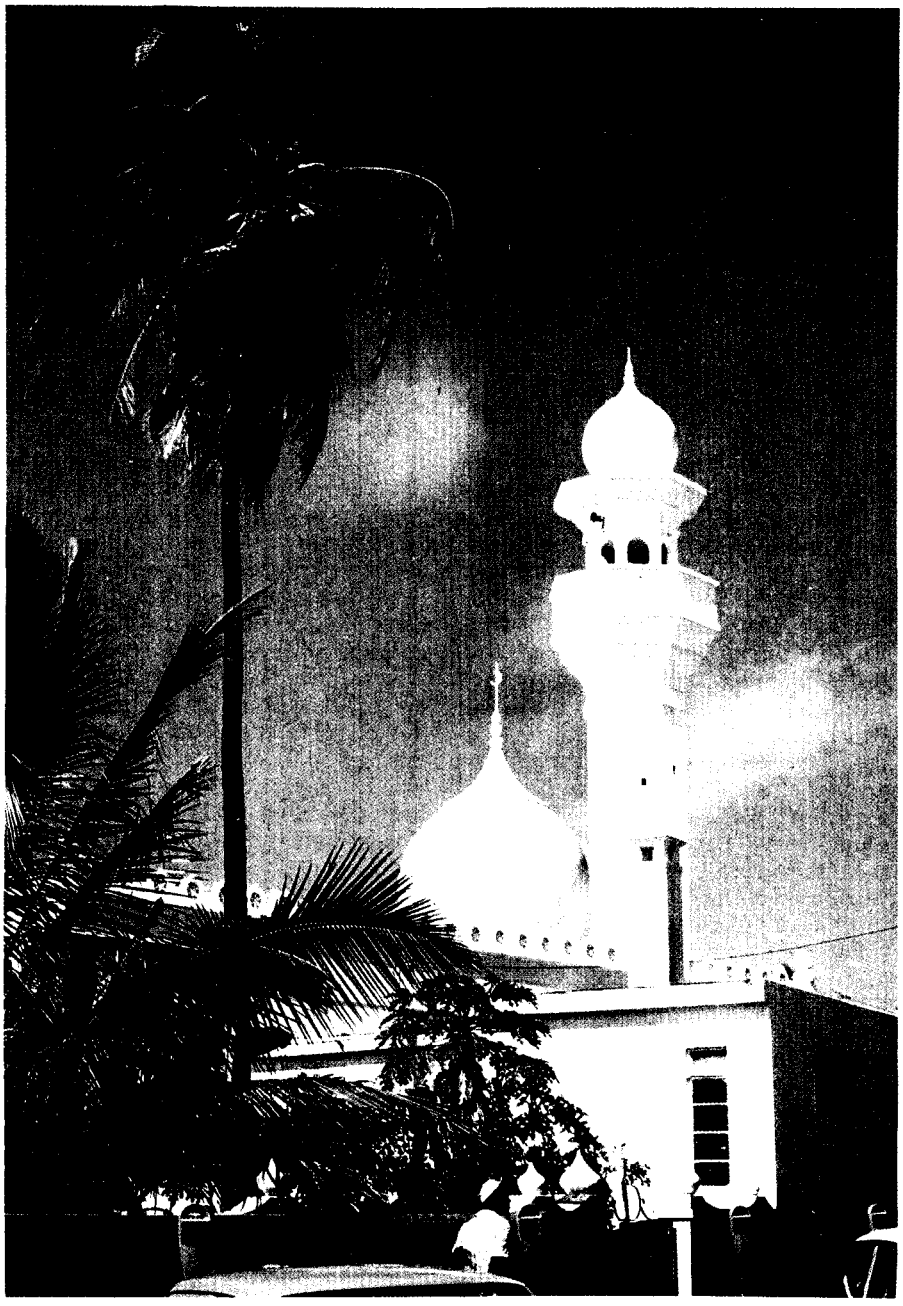

MICHAEL WINN

Mosque in Mombasa—"The sultan of Muscat was forced to flee to Zanzibar in 1832."

would like some *kahawa*. My knowledge of Swahili is pretty much exhausted after I say *kahawa*, which means coffee, or *chai*, which means tea, but I shook my head and thanked him (I also know *asante*) and went out on the beach. The sands of the Kenyan coast are dazzling, and I had forgotten how beautiful an ocean could be in the early morning sunlight, the preposterous size of it, the endless motion. A large male Boxer, an immense beast, came out of nowhere, sniffed me cautiously, gave me tentative approval subject to later cancellation, and began to trot along beside me. I rolled up my trousers and walked in the firm, wet sand, watching the lacy froth of the spent waves blow along the beach. After two weeks in the thorn country, it was a soothing sight.

I had slogged along a mile or more before I realized that my hotel was several miles north of the city and was reached by a bridge. I had seen very little of the city and nothing of the bridge when I had arrived the night before. Now there were a few dhows moving in the breeze offshore, but elsewhere there was nothing to disturb the beauty of the early morning. When I tired of walking, I turned around and retraced my steps, the Boxer following me. At my hotel I gave him a couple of pats and went up to my room where I showered and dressed. I wanted to see Mombasa.

Like all of the coast of Kenya, Mombasa has never been able to rid itself of its Arabic culture, although the sultan of Muscat was forced to flee and transfer his court to Zanzibar in 1832. The dhow fleets still ply between the Indian Ocean cities of East Africa and the Arab countries, but their cargo is now vastly different from what they transported a hundred years ago. At that time slavery was their most profitable trade, but they also carried ivory, gold, leopard skins, and rhino horns. The slave trade was broken up by the British in the last half of the 19th century, and the dealing in ivory and skins was made illegal by Kenyatta, although poaching and skin-dealing still go on. There are those who insist that young black girls are still occasionally seized on the streets of Mombasa and sold to oil princes in the north, and although these rumors persist, Kenyan police say they have no knowledge of any such trade nor do the occasional reports of missing persons seem to point in that direction.

In the Old Town I dismissed my taxi and set out on foot to move through the narrow streets and markets. The crowding and jostling were indescribable, and it often seemed that no two persons were speaking the same language. On a balcony, one floor above the street, I sat at a wooden table and drank a cup of bitter coffee that was poured by an Arab from a copper pot. In the square below I saw old men selling confections of hideous colors, tinsmiths seizing passersby and thrusting objects in their hands, and there was spirited haggling with money lenders. Dealers in gold seemed to be everywhere, and if uniform prices existed one couldn't tell it by the violent gesturing that accompanied the negotiations between buyer and seller. The Oriental wail of a flute came from a house across the square, and the odor of sweltering humanity rose from the street like a fetid cloud. Once I was spotted from the street—a white man in Western clothes—itinerant merchants crowded up the stairs and pushed each other in an effort to get to my table. I paid for the coffee and left.

The Middle-Eastern atmosphere dominates the Old Town, and although there were many Swahilis wearing long white robes they seemed to be overwhelmed by the Arabs and the Hindus. Some liberation of the Moslem women has occurred in recent years, but the majority of women seen on the streets of the Old Town were enshrouded in black garments that enveloped them completely. I broke the habit of a lifetime and permitted a guide to pick me up, a rascally looking chap who walked much too slowly for my taste and who constantly tried to steer me into shops where he could later claim commissions. I finally paid him off in exasperation, but not before he had led me to a cave in a cliff face near Government Square, which he told me had been a secret slaving station because it contained a well and slaves were held there until the dhows arrived. That much was true, I learned later, but I found that very little else that he had

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LA 11/2

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told me made much sense.

After lunch I met a government official who had been instructed by his superior in Nairobi to take me to a warehouse where skins and trophies confiscated from poachers were stored. The warehouse was gloomy, but relatively cool after coming in from the hot street. Kenyatta, the government man told me, had tried very hard to reduce poaching, but the game parks and reserves were too vast to police adequately, and poaching still remained brisk business. There were hundreds of skins packed in tight bales on the floor, and one entire wall of the building was covered, from floor to ceiling, with ivory tusks. When I asked if the government had stained all of the tusks dark red, he shook his head negatively. "They are red," he said, "because they were all buried in the ground for a long time. Poachers seldom have a ready market for ivory, and after they kill an elephant they bury the tusks until they have a chance to make contact with a contraband dealer. Then the tusks are dug up and transported out of the parks at night. When we catch poachers—which is infrequent—we can sometimes bargain with them to tell us where their and other poachers' ivory is hidden. Not that it does much good, but we confiscate it anyway."

I asked if ivory was the most prized contraband, and again he shook his head. "The biggest business now is in rhino horns," he said. "Most of those go immediately to Japan and Hong Kong where the horns are ground into powder and sold throughout the Far East as a sexual stimulant. It isn't true, of course, but the Asians firmly believe it."

That night I dined in a fairly impressive restaurant on Kilindini Road, the main street leading to the port and to the Old Town. This part of Mombasa was modern, and I was less conscious of being in an Indian or Arab city. I had an excellent poached fish and rice, together with vegetables prepared Oriental style. It was the best meal I had had in Africa. After dinner, I strolled along Kilindini Road looking in the shops at the great brass-bound Arab chests, the rugs, wood carvings, Indian saris, and embroidered Arab robes. The shops were well-lighted and clean, and the goods seemed of high quality. After a beer in a street cafe near Makadara Road, I took a taxi across Nyali Bridge to my hotel.

Malindi lies on the Indian Ocean 75 miles north of Mombasa, and a week later I rented a car and drove there. It took the better part of the morning because an unanticipated ferry trip was involved and also because I found I was unable to pass the ruins of Gedi without pausing. This excavated 15th-century Arab city, once one of the gems of the Arab colonial empire, is now a national

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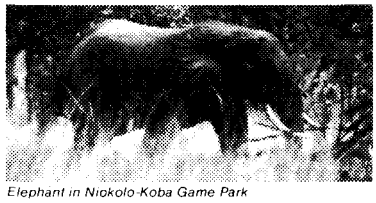
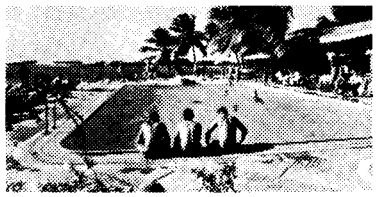

Elephant in Niokolo-Koba Game Park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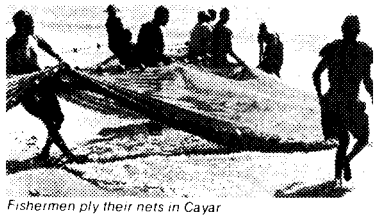
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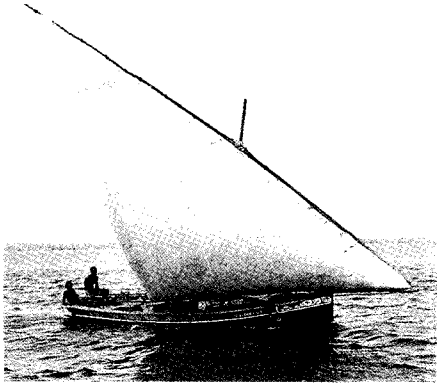
park. Malindi, when I arrived there, was an unexpected delight. An overgrown village of about 5,000 people, it bore no resemblance to Mombasa whatever. Malindi was as airy and open as Mombasa was crowded and cluttered. The market was a blaze of color—I have never seen such a violent assortment of blinding hues as that offered by the stalls selling fabrics, which, by African standards, were remarkably clean.

The buildings were low and nondescript, unlike those of Mombasa's Old Town where the structures were high, and the domes of the Oriental mosques and temples were as white and glistening as icing on a cake, and where every building was distinguished by the curvilinear shape of its belfry and balcony. There was none of that in Malindi, nor was there the noise and the jostling. Waterfronts attract me, and I left my car beside a vacant building at the end of a street and walked down to the sea. The bay on which the town is located extends in a half-moon sweep of beautiful sand; the water was clean and the beach was not littered. There were four small hotels on the water, all spaced fairly well apart and all relatively inexpensive. I had lunch at the Eden Roc, a weathered hotel on the beach, and while it blunted my appetite it was certainly no meal to remember. There were a few Europeans in the dining room, but most of the guests were Africans, and I wondered where they came from and why they were drawn to Malindi. Nairobi, at nearly 5,000 feet altitude, seldom has temperatures exceeding 80 degrees; certainly these people had not been attracted to the sweltering equatorial lowlands for a refreshing holiday.

I walked from the beach back to the center of the village after lunch and spent a pleasant hour or so wandering among the shops and markets. It was a drowsy time of day, there were few cars, and the shopkeepers themselves were nodding. A dog scratched at fleas in the shade of a casuarina tree. A black woman in a food store sought, with little success, to keep flies from a dish of pastry. At a fish stall, a single octopus hung from a rusty coat hanger. A little girl, perhaps five years old, swept the steps of her house vigorously, but it was obviously more of a game than a chore. It was the only burst of activity to ruffle the trance into which the entire village seemed to have sunk.



JASON LAURÉ

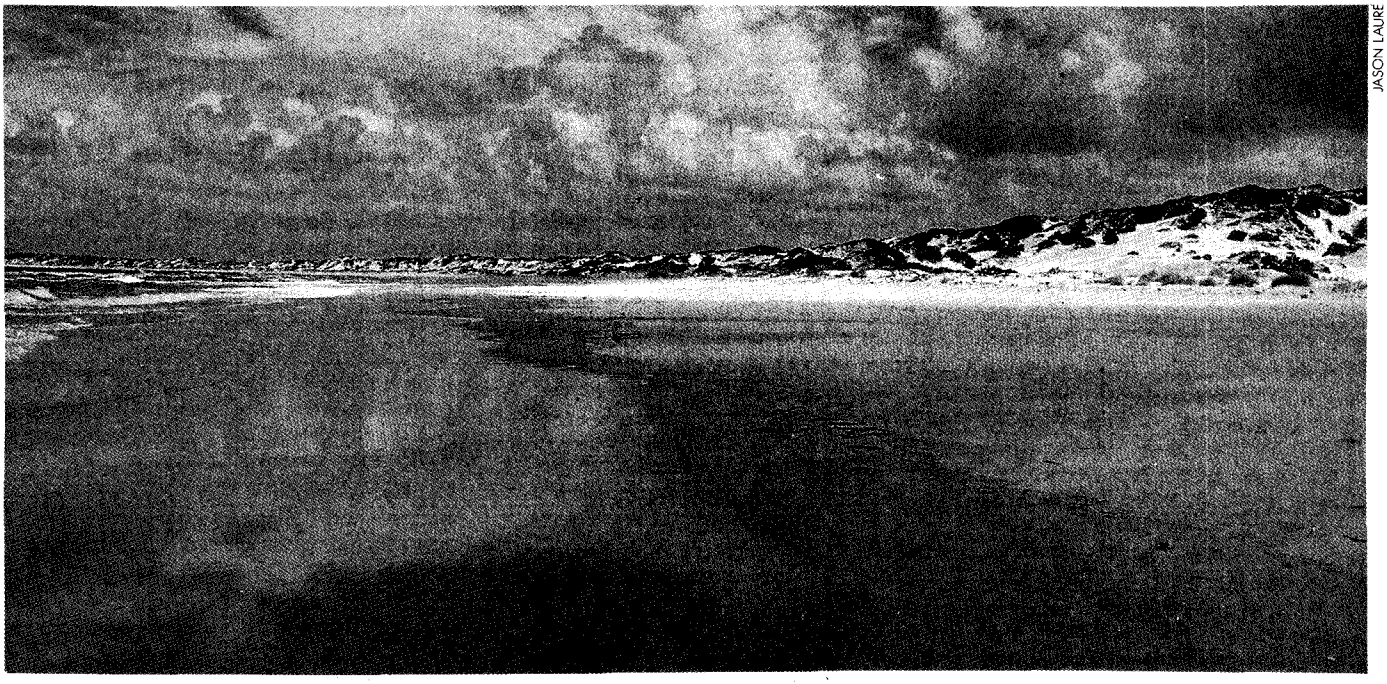
A dhow at sea— "Moving in the breeze."

Late in the afternoon, after buying some colored fabric for which I had no earthly need and after a refreshing beer in the Happy Cafe, I started back to Mombasa. It was still fiercely hot, and the wait at the Kilifi ferry seemed endless. I was glad to see the towers and spires of Mombasa loom up in the evening sky ahead of me, the spectrum of their colors slowly changing with the disappearing light of day.

At my hotel I paused for only a moment to change into swimming trunks, and I almost raced to the beach. The air was close and humid, there were flashes of lightning in the distance, and the water seemed much cooler than I had felt it before. I swam for a time and came out some distance from the hotel and lay down on the wet sand. There were no stars, and the lightning seemed more frequent now and occasionally I could hear the distant rumble of thunder. The Indian Ocean was dark, but I could see the crest of the waves, a momentary fringe of white froth before the wave curled under itself and broke upon the sandy beach. I wondered at the history of this dark continent and what had happened on this shore, of the conflicting waves of culture as the Portuguese occupation gave way to the Arab sultanates and Arabia, in turn, intermarried with the African coastal tribes to produce the Swahili people.

But most of all, I thought of the frightened slaves, standing manacled in these sands, waiting for the dhows to carry them off to a new world and to terrors they could only imagine. Even now the country was loosely stitched together, a series of unfinished intentions. I felt the first gentle patter of raindrops, cooling and pleasant, but the lightning was getting sharper and I felt it dangerous to linger. The storm broke as I reached the hotel, and rain was slashing at the windows and vines when, a short time later, I came downstairs to have dinner at a formally laid table on the candle-lit veranda.

A former editor of Holiday *and* Travel & Leisure, *Caskie Stinnett now writes a regular column for* Atlantic Monthly.



JASON LAURÉ

The Indian Ocean washes a Mombasa beach— "I paused only a moment to change into swimming trunks and I almost raced to the beach."

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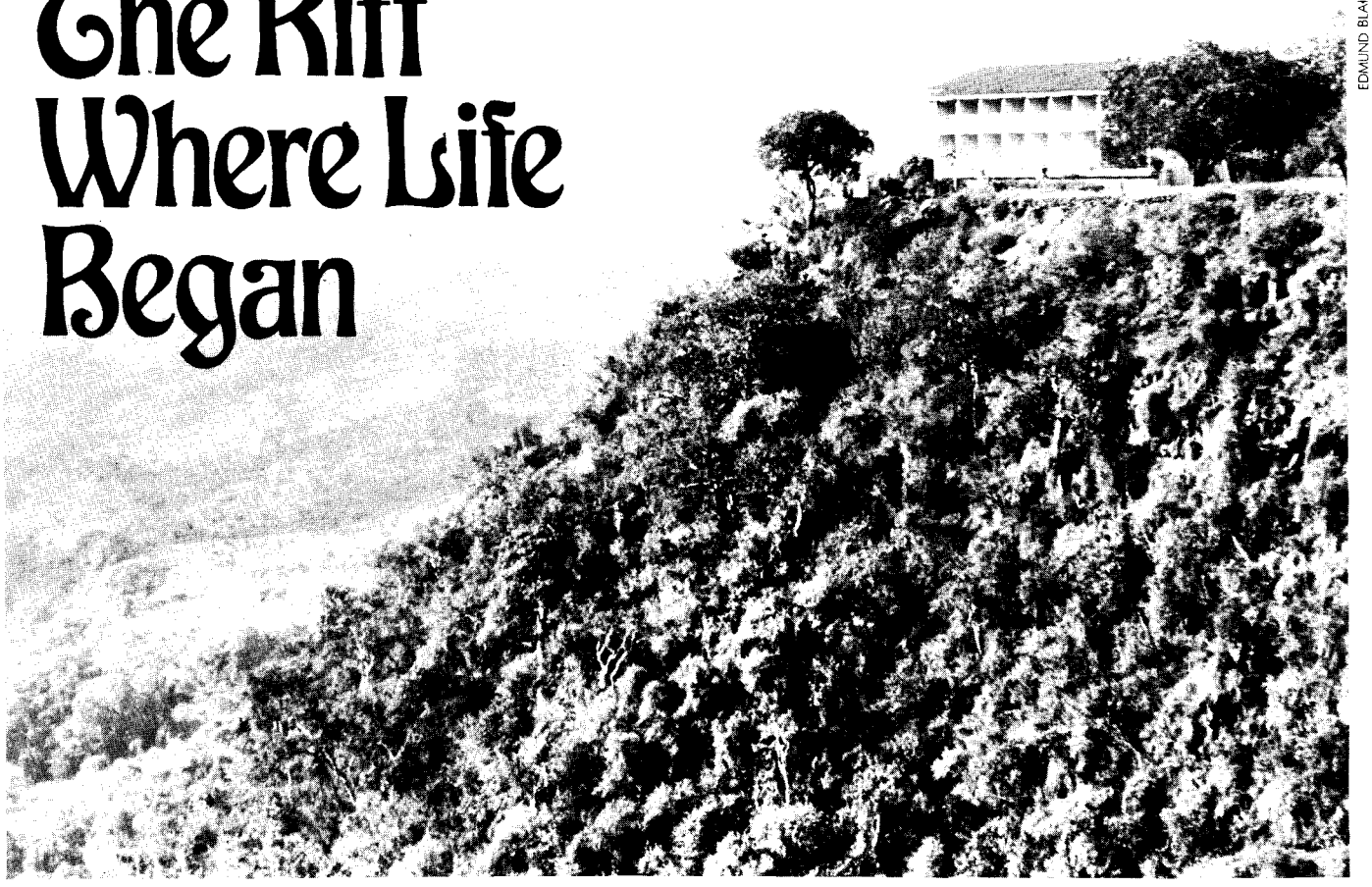
The Rift Where Life Began



EDMUND BLAIR BOLLES

Lake Manyara Lodge on the very rim of Rift Valley— "To explore the valley you have to have a touch of the intrepid about you."

by Edmund Blair Bolles

AFRICA'S GREAT Rift Valley is the most dramatic portion of a huge crack in the earth that stretches 4,000 miles from Turkey to the Zambezi River. Even without knowing its dimensions, any visitor can see that the place is a wonder. I had a friend with a wheat farm on the edge of the rift. His estate ended at a place where the land simply disappeared. The Rift Wall dropped straight down for 2,000 feet, as though some titan had wielded an axe and chopped off the world. Beyond was airy nothing and then far below were patches of color, hazy pastel shades that filled the scene with magic.

That sight was started about 20 million years ago when earth movements tore open a part of the African continent. In time the land moved further apart, as in a widening earthquake crack, while the floor of the valley was filled by massive amounts of volcanic lava; in places the lava floor is at least a kilometer deep.

By now the Rift Valley divides East Africa in half, running down from the Red Sea through Ethiopia, Kenya, Tanzania, Malawi, and into Mozambique. A gigantic western arm of the valley juts through central Africa and serves as the watershed for the continent's two greatest rivers, the Nile and the Congo. The valley is still growing today, particularly in the Kenya-Tanzania border area where a series of comparatively recent branches of the valley have appeared and a number of volcanoes have collapsed, forming giant craters.

Almost everybody who returns from an East African safari reports having seen the Rift Valley. Travelers going to either Kenya or Tanzania drive across portions of the rift on their way to the national parks. But crossing the rift is not the same as touring it. To explore the Great Rift Valley you have to have a touch of the intrepid about you. It can be done by car, following rough roads and taking advantage of local guides, but there are no package tours that provide it all with a neatly tied bow.

Over the past 13 years it has been my good fortune to make a number of trips through much of the Rift Valley, and I can report that the rewards more than repay the efforts expended in seeing it. Particularly exciting is the way modern travelers can share the sensations and awe people have known for literally millions of years. The rift is where humanity began. For all its wildness the Rift Valley has been inhabited longer than any other place on earth.

To appreciate the human aspect of the Great Rift Valley I recommend a route that is a little more work than some, although it need not be difficult. It starts from Dodoma in central Tanzania, reached from the capital, Dar es Salaam, by either a short flight or by driving due west in a rented car. After an early breakfast head out from Dodoma along the Cape-to-Cairo road. A little more than 100 miles north of Dodoma is the village of Kolo where an official guide to the area can be hired.

The hills around Kolo are rich in rock paintings of animals, human figures, and some abstract designs. (They were made by bushmen and range in age from 200 to 3,000 years.) Particularly notable are the drawings at Cheke Tatu, but what really makes the visit worthwhile is the encounter with the Rift Wall. The fall from the highland to the valley floor is particularly sharp, and the land below looks as wild as the Sahara. Standing alone 100 miles to the north, and perfectly visible from parts of the road, is Mount Meru, a volcano taller than California's Mount Whitney. I got my first view ever of the rift from

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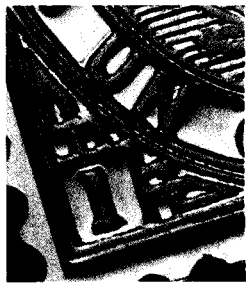
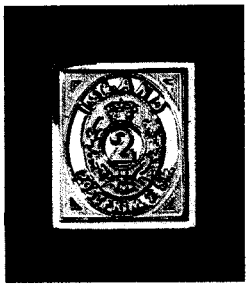
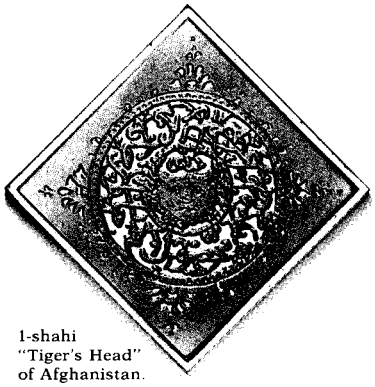


Portion of Guatemalan stamp enlarged to show fine detail in gold on sterling.



The 2-skilling "crowned numeral" design of Iceland was based on a Denmark stamp. Only 40,000 were printed—and they are extremely difficult to come by today.

"Liberty Seated" is the theme of the first stamp of Liberia. Based on a British colonies design, it differs in that the helmet has become a *cap*, and the figure is on a stone jetty.



1-shahi
"Tiger's Head"
of Afghanistan.

The 1-candareen stamp of China is identified by its "Imperial Dragon" motif. The Chinese characters stand for the Great Tsing Dynasty.

Bolivia's first stamp, the 5 centavos, depicts a condor—the large bird native to the Andes—perched on a globe. Philatelists call it the "Condor Issue."

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one of these side roads on the way to some paintings, and at once I climbed to the top of the vehicle, set up a tripod, and made a movie of the scene. The pictures, of course, failed entirely to capture the sheerness and vast distances that made the place so memorable.

A foot trail led up the side of the wall to the paintings. They were not exactly masterworks. "Very nice," we all agreed and turned to go. Turning around was the trick. We had climbed above the tree tops and from that position on the wall we could see land all the way to where, no doubt, the world itself ends. Seeing that immensity I knew at once why people had chosen this site to paint their pictures, and for the first time I felt a kinship with those artists who lived thousands of years ago. They too knew what it was to be clinging to the side of the wall and to stand spellbound at the sight of the Great Rift Valley.

The rock paintings included giraffes and elephants, the world's largest land animals, both of which live in abundance on the valley floor. Visitors can still delight in the rift's wildlife. The main road past Kolo soon descends the wall and reaches Tarangire National Park. The park is a dry-season (June-November)habitat for thousands of antelopes, zebras, oryxes, buffaloes, giraffes, and elephants.

Lake Manyara National Park near Tarangire is remarkably similar to the habitats of the pre-humans whose fossils are now being discovered throughout much of the Rift Valley. Olduvai Gorge, Lake Turkana, and the Omo River have all gained world fame. Here human history has been pushed back millions of years. The ancient appearance of these great sites was similar to present-day Manyara. Fresh water was abundant, animal life was plentiful, there were large clearings for safe camping, and the Rift Wall towered above everything like the massive side of a temple.

The present occupants of the valley floor are nomadic cattle herders, the Masai people. Wearing clay-red robes and brightly colored earrings and neck bands, they are a familiar sight to tourists traveling to the park lodges. The Masai are newcomers to the area, and many of their predecessors have managed to hold onto some remote corner of the valley. This region of the Tanzania rift is the most linguistically diverse and complex in all of Africa. It is the only place on the continent containing all four major African language families (Bantu, Click, Cushitic, and Nilotic).

Safari groups leave the valley at Manyara, but to touch more of the rift's human history turn north of the village of Mto wa Mbu, which is near the Manyara entrance, and follow a difficult road (four-wheel drive only) to the ruins of an ancient settlement called Engaruka. Here an abandoned city of stone on the slope of the Rift Wall testifies to centuries of activity by previous inhabitants of the Great Rift Valley.

Exploration beyond Engaruka requires an expedition. The land is a roadless wilderness of volcanic cones and soda lakes. One volcano, Oldonyo Lengai, is still active and is worshipped by the Masai. Its name means "mountain of God." Eventually an explorer continuing north would reach the Kenyan highway used by people traveling between Nairobi and the Masai Mara Game Reserve. The road passes a giant antenna for messages sent by satellite. The sight usually astonishes travelers who think of the Great Rift Valley as only a remote and barren land. They seldom realize the region has known every sort of person from hominides to rock painters to city builders and now, quite naturally, members of the space age.

Edmund Blair Bolles, who spent two years in Tanzania as a Peace Corps teacher, has recently published Animal Parks of Africa.

EDMUND BLAIR BOLLES

Elephants at Lake Manyara National Park— "Similar to habitats of pre-humans whose fossils are now being discovered."

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The Gallic Accents of a Peanut Republic

by Jennifer Quale

JEREH SAGNIA wears Western clothes, a ring on his toe, and a smile as broad as the Sahara. He works as a tour guide in Dakar but comes from the Gambia, the former British colony surrounded by Senegal. There, Jereh had served both his government as a veterinarian's assistant and his people as a Mandingo chief, a position inherited from his father.

Nine years ago he gave it all up "to see the world" and joined Senegal's burgeoning tourism industry. Jolly but genuine, Jereh imparts a grand enthusiasm for his adopted country, entreating the visitor to feel at home. For in this westernmost African nation, the foreign guest is considered sacred and thus accorded the utmost in *teranga* (the traditional expression of hospitality). When he says life is sweet in Senegal, Jereh speaks for all Senegalese. "We want you to feel as free as we," he implores.

To feel free in Senegal has little to do with constitutional rights. Rather, it means a liberation of the spirit in which spontaneity reigns supreme: It is feeling free to laugh or cry, to sing and dance, to let it be. Alongside their *joie de vivre*, a sense of national pride links the Senegalese regardless of tribal heritage, religious belief, urban or bush descent.

When it comes to where to go, the Senegalese ministry of tourism appears to have it all figured out. One of the best-equipped countries in Africa to handle tourism, its government has stepped up a 10-year project to expand the industry in hopes that it will supplant the peanut as the prime foreign money maker.

The basic week's tour of Senegal concentrates on Dakar and the immediate area. For $695, the national carrier, Air Afrique, will fly you in comfort from New York to Dakar in a short six and one-half hours, put you up in the Meridien's four-star Diarama Hotel at Ngor Beach (or the equally luxurious Teranga Hotel downtown), feed you continental breakfast and a couple of dinners, provide excursions and then some.

To appreciate the polarities in West African lifestyles, one must first shed previous notions of the "darkest" continent. Consider Dakar, or the "Paris of Africa," as the country's capital is often

JASON LAURÉ

The fashion in Senegal— "To feel free."

called. Indeed, at nearby Yoff Airport, the Concorde swoops down twice weekly midway from Paris to Rio. Parisian comparisons abound, not only in the language and layout of the city, but the prices as well (an American breakfast taken at the Air France-owned Meridien Hotel complex consumes 1,300 CFA francs, roughly $6.50). Then, too, the bulk of its tourist trade is French vacationers capitalizing on Senegal's almost 3,000 hours of annual sunshine. To be sure, the beach at the Meridien complex—just 15 minutes from Dakar—takes you back to the south of France, where oil-slicked bodies share space with volleyball nets and Campari-stamped umbrellas. Should you be clad in more than a string or two, you're bound to feel overdressed.

Although the French rarely seem to stray from *la plage*, they once occupied a much greater territory. Following a century-long scramble for power among the Portuguese, Dutch, and English as well as the French, the Congress of Vienna ceded Senegal to France in 1815. At this century's turn, Senegal had become the political center of French West Africa and Dakar, the seat of the governor-general. As the quintessential example of colonial administration and military presence, Dakar rapidly expanded into the most important city in West Africa.

The original settlement of Dakar as a village in the 1850s stemmed literally from Gorée Island's population overflow. One and a half miles away and 1,000 yards long, Gorée was discovered by the Portuguese in 1444. Exactly five centuries later, the island was declared an historical reserve, its development begun as a major tourist center. Long a weekend retreat for the Dakarois, Gorée has inns for those without private homes. One can come just for a day of swimming, picnicking, and strolling the carless streets. Once the governor-general's mansion, the Relais de l'Espadon ranks as one of the loveliest hotels in Senegal. Even so, one could easily plead ignorance upon arrival here. Gorée's otherwise beastly past surely belies its tranquil beauty.

From the onset of the slave trade in the 1500s to its end three centuries later, the island was the strategic point in the trilateral traffic between Africa, the Caribbean, and North America. Of the untold millions of Africans corralled for slavery, perhaps half passed through Gorée. Men, women, and children awaited shipment in the putrid cells of the "slave castles" by the sea. Preserved as a landmark, one such structure was built by the Dutch the same year the United States gained its independence. The faded sanguine hue of the Maison des Esclaves reflects the bloody tale still echoing within its walls: They say six-million people died here of neglect—from hunger, overcrowding, and disease. The bodies were tossed into the sea. In the stoop-high, six-foot-square chambers fitted with chains for recalcitrant captives, there were no windows—until the building was converted into a museum.

Jostling the memory of the House of Slaves, the 20-minute ferry ride back to Dakar offers standing-room only and a cacophony of cackling chickens and transistor radios. To dock in the harbor is to realize the city's *raison d'être*; from this vital West African seaport, Senegal ships out its three major exports of peanuts, phosphates, and fish.

A city of 900,000 people, Dakar presents a myriad of tableaux combining both ancient and contemporary aspects at a single glance. Against a backdrop of the fashionable Avenue William Ponty—Dakar's Champs-Elysées—a woman traditionally garbed in colorful, flowing *boubou* sells peanuts to pas-

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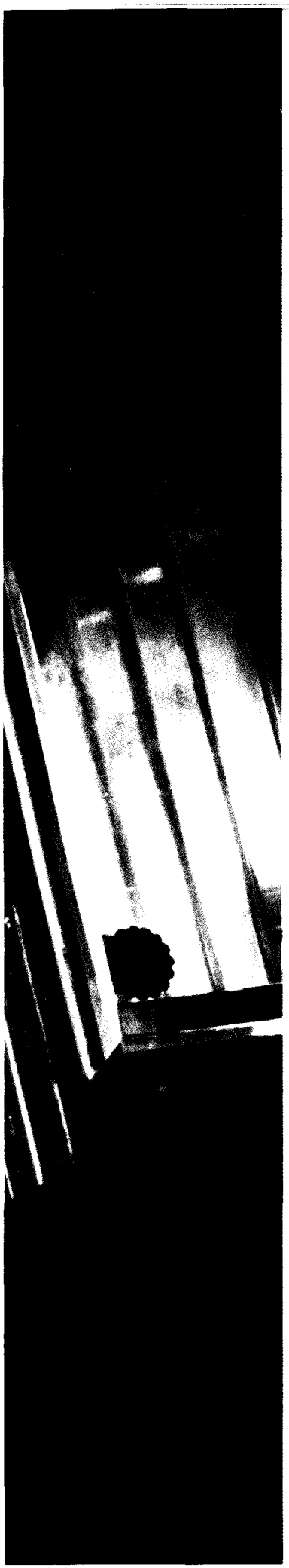

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sersby at a few cents a handful.

Frantic traffic continues along the Place de l'Indépendence, the city's heart and chief commercial district, where even IBM has staked an office. But the ultimate bustle of Dakar prevails in its markets. Kitty-corner from the Place is Sandaga, a Sudanese structure sheltering a maze of stalls that overflow with pots and pans, magic potions, spices and fabrics. Tailors here will whip up a *boubou* quicker than the customer can say "Jacques be nimble...." So prized is the native cotton that imported fabrics are forbidden. No matter, at $2 a yard the hand-dyed cloth is the best buy in town for tourists and locals alike.

Ten minutes from Dakar at the Soumbedioune Artisan Village, haggling seems more relaxed than in the city's hub. Since its opening in 1966, the seaside establishment has served as an umbrella for area craftsmen under which they work and display their wares. Vendors in robes and mirrored aviator sunglasses peddle the inevitable wood carvings from an open hut, while barefoot boys kneel on the sandy ground, stretching pieces of snakeskin to be made into wallets, belts, purses, and shoes. Weavers of cloth and straw turn out materials for bedspreads and baskets; women huddle in the shade, busy in the crafting of pottery, traditional clothing, and souvenir dolls. Secluded and mysterious, the goldsmiths seem forever bent over their intricate work.

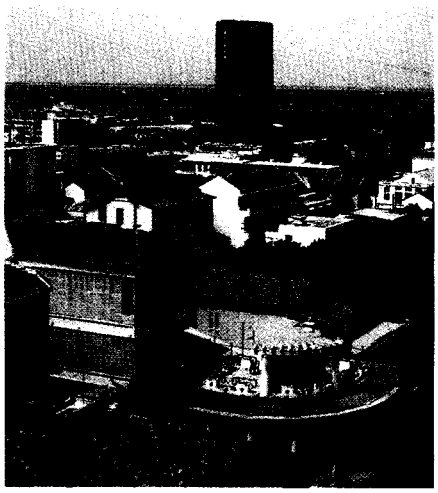
At the Senegalese Manufacture of Decorative Arts in Thiès, prices are fixed—at $1,200 per square meter. Under government sponsorship, tapestries of superb quality are designed by graduates of Dakar's Art Institute and by Senegalese painters and shown in galleries around the world.

Artistic activity thrives in Senegal, thanks to Leopold Senghor, its president since 1960. He is poet, teacher, and a staunch advocate of Negritude. As a leading West African cultural center, Dakar abounds with schools and research institutes, museums and libraries, theaters and movie houses. The hero of the hour is not Alex Haley, who dug his roots in the Gambia, but Muhammad Ali; prominently displayed in every bookstore window were copies in French of his autobiography, *Le plus grand*.

Although the government maintains an economic relationship with Iran (via a joint chemical industry project), the Islamic tide sweeping Iran exerts by comparison a mere ripple in the lifestyle of the Senegalese. Life here and now is clearly meant to be enjoyed.

Not the least of life's pleasures is a saucy cuisine, considered among the finest in Africa. Reminiscent of Creole cookery, Senegalese dishes are often zapped with Tabasco. With seafood as the staple protein source, the national specialty is a bouillabaisse of fish and rice, or, in Wolof, the indigenous dialect, *tiè-bou diène*. Just as popular is chicken *yassa*, which takes a day to prepare: Chicken pieces are marinated for hours in a mixture of lime juice, peanut oil, onions, and pimientos, then broiled over a charcoal fire and served with rice.

Locals will tell you that authentic native food is made best at home, for when the Dakarois goes out for dinner he likes to eat something different. Accordingly, French, Italian, and Vietnamese restaurants in Dakar outnumber the Senegalese. All the same, one of the best meals in town can be had at Le Cauri, the Senegalese restaurant named for the tiny white shell once used as currency in



JENNIFER QUALE

Dakar— " 'Paris of Africa' as it's called."

West Africa. The charming, cavelike bistro features *boulettes de poisson* (akin to Swedish meatballs but made with fish) and *soupe de poisson* (a sublime garlic-drenched stew that should be eaten with a fork). A *prix fixe* dinner at Le Cauri, including soup, *yassa*, salad, and *pâtisseries*, comes to 1,700 CFA francs ($8.50); a bottle of house wine, Moroccan rosé, adds 1,500 francs.

For classic, pricy French food, locals recommend the posh hotel dining room in La Croix du Sud. At lunchtime, the chic meet at the less formal Plaza Restaurant for the French and Italian cuisine it does so well. For a marvelous meal with a view to match, foreigners (but few locals) patronize La Paillote ("the hut"), an open-air restaurant at the seaside Meridien Hotel complex.

Just a few miles beyond this city of lights begins the bush, a glimpse of which provides a truer picture of Senegal. From the dry savannah in the north to the tropical forests in the south, time seems as fixed as the ubiquitous, ancient baobab, "the tree where life began." Symbol of Senegal, the eerie giant with its elephantine proportions has for centuries supplied an essential source of nutrition and medicinal aids, as well as the stuff from which rope and musical instruments (i.e., the kora and calabash) are made.

Along the coastal route women from the villages haul baskets of dried baobab fruit, along with coconuts and mangoes. The road is well-paved, well-traveled by Mercedes and Peugeots, *cars rapides* (bush taxis), and horse-drawn carts. In mid-afternoon, those heading north are often bound for Kayar, perhaps the most picturesque fishing village this side of Portugal. It's no irony that the brightly painted *pirogues* seem borrowed from the Portuguese, the first Europeans to land in Senegal.

The all-important peanut, also called the groundnut, was introduced to Africa by Spanish explorers from Brazil in the 17th century. If Senegal today is a "peanut republic," its second largest city, Kaolack, with its annual production of one million peanuts, ranks as a world peanut capital. Salt marshes surround this city of peanut pyramids, rising from geometrically stacked bags of the raw pods.

An island formed of shell heaps, Fadiouth also does a brisk business in fish and baby oysters, laid out to dry and sell along the shell-paved streets.

The local *griot* strides through town, heralding the arrival of American visitors. With a Pied-Piper following, we took in the morning's activity—the weaving of fish nets, bundling of millet straw, hanging out the wash—all the while dodging free-roaming goats and little black pigs. At the main crossroads a statue of the Virgin Mary bears testimony to the resident Serer tribe's Catholic faith, the result of missionaries settling the area in the 15th century. Known as the star of the Petite Côte, Joal-Fadiouth is an obligatory stop on the tourist trail south of Dakar.

Special-interest tours are available in any direction, from the *Roots* excursion in the Gambia to the traditional medicine tour of the Casamance region in southwestern Senegal. While facilities abound for serious hunters and fishermen, a trio of protected, national parks beckons wildlife seekers: the famous Djoudj sanctuary to the north boasts rare species of birds; Basse Casamance, a wild array of flora and fauna; the lions and elephants, usually an East African attraction, run in Niokolo-Koba.

Accommodations range from urban deluxe hostelries to Club Med resorts to "village lodges" such as Keur Saloum Lodge in Toubacouta, three hours south of Dakar. Although the 10-unit compound may resemble the neighboring village, each hut is equipped with full baths, occasional electricity, erratic air conditioning, and fairly comfortable beds. All that's missing is a can of bug spray and a congenial host.

Jennifer Quale is a columnist for Boston Magazine.

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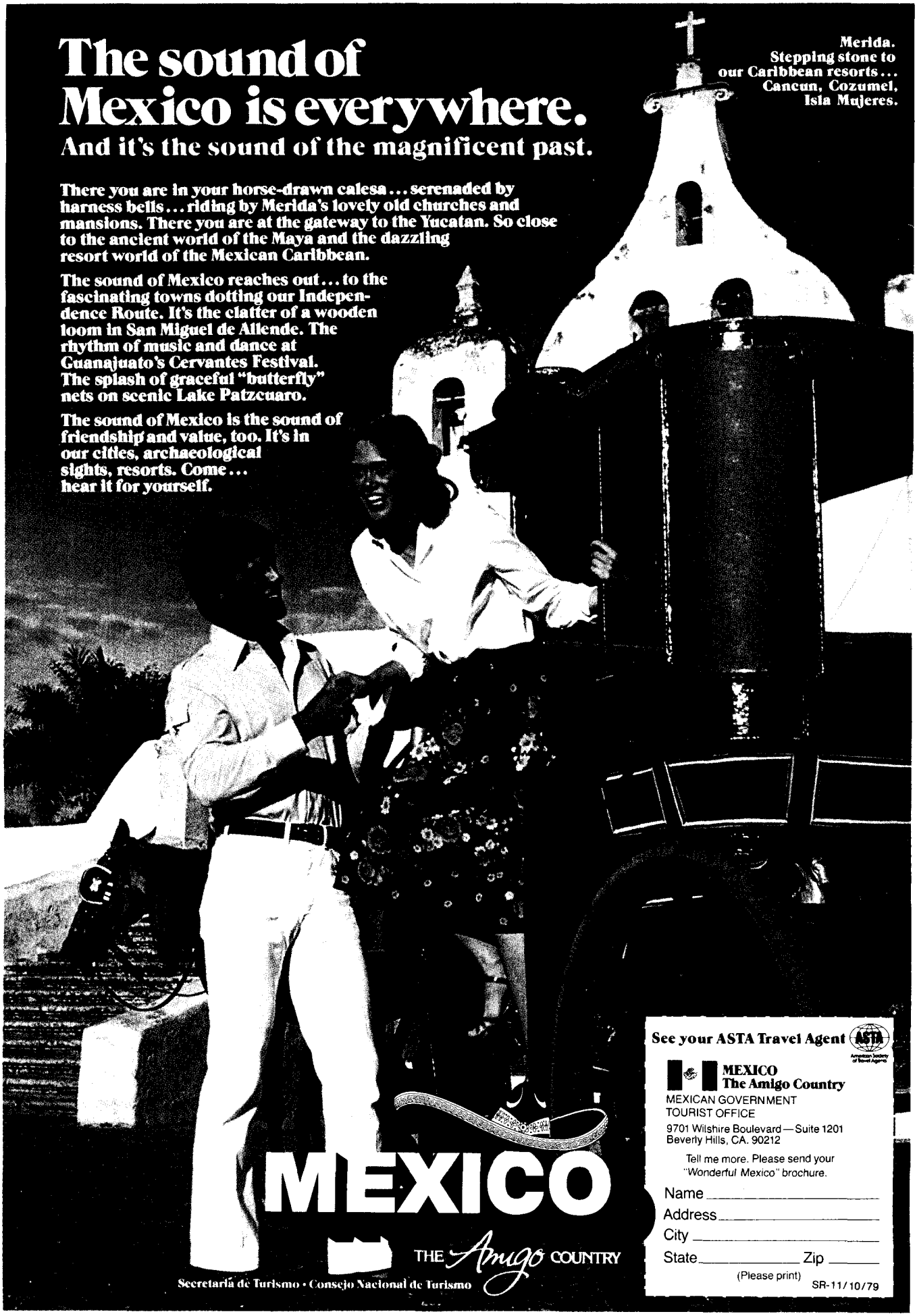

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Off Trail in Africa
A Serendipitist's Atlas

by Patricia Brooks

Taroudant A seven-hour mint-and lavender-scented drive takes you through the Atlas Mountains' dizzying Tizi n"Test Pass from Marrakesh to Taroudant, in southeastern Morocco. It's an 11th-century town of friendly Berber artisans, hustly-bustly *souks* selling thick-tufted, patterned rugs; copper trays and pots; lamb skins; ornate silvery Berber jewelry. Keep camera at the ready for women's cobalt blue kaftans against salmon-colored walls. Headquarters are vizier's palace-turned-hotel, the Salam, edged by city walls, with swimming pool, rosemary-lined walks, bougainvillea-filled gardens, French-flavored Moorish menus. Outside town, there's horseback riding, tennis, falconry, honeymoon-style privacy in your own pavilion at Gazelle d'Or's wooded resort.

Meknès A 55-year building spree by Sultan Moulay Ismail—from 1672 to 1727—earned Meknès the "Moroccan Versailles" label. A sleeper on Imperial Cities tour (Rabat-Fez-Marrakesh), Meknès is handily located for side trips to Roman ruins at Volubilis, the sacred city of Islam-Moulay Idriss. Echoes of Meknès's glory days remain in its thick walls, enclosing three sides of city. Dar Jamai, a former palace, is a museum of Moroccan art with fine pottery, woodcarving, fabrics. The sultan's enormous granary held enough fodder for his 12,000 horses. Equestrian games right out of *Lawrence of Arabia,* noisy, colorful, are September's spectacular.

Sousse Ancient eucalyptus-shaded seaport on Gulf of Hammamet, south of Tunis, founded by 9th-century Phoenicians. Most recent conquerors: beachophiles. New luxury resort complex underway (at Port el Kantaoui)—marina and four-star deluxe Hannibal Palace Hotel (Trust Houses Forte) ready now, golf course due next year. Sousse Museum rich in Roman mosaics, Great Mosque-Ribat (visitable only in mornings). Sousse is also a byway to jasmine-fragrant Monastir (President Bourguiba's hometown) and El Kairouan, fourth holiest Islamic city (seven visits there equals one to Mecca), with pale pink turrets, Great Mosque with crescent-topped minaret (one of few Tunisian mosques open to non-Muslims), *souk* where famous, Kairouan carpets are sold.

TUNISIAN NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE

White-washed architecture of Djerba— "More to do these days than eat lotus."

Djerba Sybaritic island off Tunisia's southern coast, where Homer's Ulysses supposedly found the Lotus Eaters. More to do these days than eat lotus. (Try instead *mechoui*—lamb roasted on a spit.) Swim, snorkel, sun, golf, horse or camel ride along the beach in Club Mediterranee's stylized Tunisian holiday village or one of a dozen other holiday resorts. Change pace with visit to La Ghriba Synagogue to see ancient parchment scrolls, supposedly dating back to Nebuchadnezzar's time; also Jewish communities of Hara Kebira and Hara Srira; and white and blue "beehive" houses (called menzels) of Houmt Souk, where Wahhabis, a dissident Moslem sect, sell weaving and spices in Monday's and Thursday's markets. Bordj Djillidj castle, lighthouse of Ras Tourguennes, ruins of Spanish conquests, pottery workshops at Guellala, flocks of pink flamingoes, groves of oranges, olives, palms. Idyllic, mirage-like island, at its best May-June. Pan Am from New York, London, Rome; Lufthansa from Frankfurt; Tunis Air from Paris.

Cruising the Nile Flaubert, Kitchener, Gordon did it, so can you, but in greater comfort. Barge along, pharaoh-style, aboard Hilton's 270-foot-long cruise ship M.S. *Isis* or *Osiris* for five days of sightseeing-sunning-swimming-bird and people watching along the world's longest river. June through next August, the $275 fare (slightly higher in winter) buys air-conditioned cabin, three meals plus afternoon tea each day, sightseeing with a licensed Egyptologist guide at famous archaeological sites—Aswan, Edfu, Esna, Kom Ombo, Luxor-Karnak, Thebes Necropolis, Valley of Kings and Queens, Colossi of Memnon. New stops, Abydos and Dendera, will be added in June. Take time in Aswan for the Arab-African markets, selling baskets, fabrics, spices. To see: Aga Khan's hilltop mausoleum, newly opened Temple of Philae (submerged, now reconstructed), Kitchener's lush botanical gardens. Take a *felucca* around Elephantine Island. In Luxor lunch on roof garden of Marahaba restaurant looking out on the harbor and horse-carriage promenade.

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Alexandria Durrell notwithstanding, Egypt's second city, founded by Alexander the Great, looks centuries-tired—but its serendipitous discoveries grow on you: ornamented 19th-century government buildings; "wedding cake" palaces; catacombs of Kom El Shokafa—a melting together of Egyptian-Greco-Roman styles in bas-reliefs and tomb statues; an intact Roman amphitheater. Overnight at Salamlek Hotel, former hilltop palace overlooking the Mediterranean; shop for *galabjas* and leather bags on fashionable Salah Salem; drive along the Corniche for a fresh seafood lunch at Mostafa Darwish; swim at beaches beyond the city edge. Trekking to Cairo, take the fertile green delta, not desert, road—along Mahmoudia Canal, past full-sailed *feluccas*, camels loaded with wheat like walking haystacks, bedouin women in brilliant reds and blues, poplars and pines.

Algiers Come to the Casbah to see the 16th-century citadel at the top, then the view of beautiful Algiers harbor (where Barbary pirates used to hide out) from Saint-Raphael Park or the terrace of Nôtre-Dame d'Afrique church. Browse for baskets, ceramics, gold, and silver jewelry at the National Society of Traditional Handcrafts shops; sip Arab mint tea or *el Bordj* (a local apéritif); sample the national dish, *couscous*, and spicy, muttony *chorba* soup at El-Djenina. A lively (sometimes lethal) mix of French, Turkish, and Arabic history and lifestyles, Algiers has much to see (dozens of mosques) and do (tennis, golf in town, wild-boar hunting outside in Yakouren, skiing at Chrea, climbing in the Kabyl Mountains). Small, French-style resorts are at Zeralda or Moretti, a dozen miles west of town.

Abidjan Capital of Ivory Coast, Abidjan speaks African with sophisticated French accents: sky-scrapered Bauhaus modernity; eight good hotels (including super-savvy Ivoire Inter-Continental resort complex. Tennis, golf, Elephant d'Or casino, pool, bowling, only ice skating rink in Africa). Chic restaurants (Lebanese, Vietnamese, French); night scene for jazz, African dance. Comprehensive Museum of African Art. Nearby African Riviera—1,620-acre waterside project of marinas, villas, hotels, sports facilities—may make this the big West African destination of the 1980s. Abidjan markets are among the best in Africa: especially Plateau (for ivory); maze of bazaars at Treichville (rare coins, fabrics, crafts). Friendly haggling essential. Short hops: to Bingerville's Botanical Gardens (12 miles east), banana and pineapple plantations at Fresco and Port-Bouët, beaches at Sassandra and Assinie. Package tours from Abidjan for Bouna Game Reserve, 400 miles north. (Direct flights from New York on Air Afrique or Pan Am.)

The Nile at Aswan—"Flaubert did it."

Abidjan's Hotel Ivoire Inter-Continental—"Sky-scrapered Bauhaus modernity."

Kumasi Prize nugget in the former Gold Coast is Ghana's second city, 170 miles from capital Accra. Home of centuries-proud Ashanti tribe, once a major empire in Africa. Rich in Ashanti lore. Visit Manhyia Palace, where Golden Stool (symbol of regal power) is kept by the Asantehene, traditional ruler (current ruler is British-trained lawyer); ancient burial ground of Ashanti kings, Ashanti Cultural Center, an open-air complex of theater, gallery, zoo, craft workshops. Shop for gold jewelry or small sculpture in Central Market (where 5,000 registered goldsmiths work). Best of all, meet Ashanti (and Ghanaian) people, among Africa's friendliest, warmest, most hospitable. You may find a festival or colorful durbar (gathering of chiefs). Drive to nearby villages: Ntonso (for hand-dyed fabrics), Bonwire (woven Kente cloth—used in toga-like robe of Ashanti men), Ahwia (wooden stools, shaped like Golden Stool). Pan Am flies from New York, Lufthansa from Frankfurt.)

Patricia Brooks reviews restaurants for the New York Times *Connecticut section and writes regularly on travel for various other publications.*

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No Wines in Africa? Tut, Tut

JASON LAURE

by Sam Aaron and Clifton Fadiman

THE *HISTORIA NATURALIS* of Pliny the Elder will always be remembered for the plenitude of its errors. One oft-quoted remark retains its point: "There's always something new out of Africa." As for wine-making, at least in North Africa, one must go back perhaps 5,000 years before Pliny's statement applies, and even then the trade may have been highly organized. In King Tut's tomb (he lived 3,300 years before Gallo) many wine jugs were found, bearing neat inscriptions attesting to the name, origin, wine-maker, and vintage. Cleopatra reinforced her intoxicating charms with the native Mareotic she served Julius Caesar. The tradition of Algerian, as well as Tunisian, wine is also venerable, going back to Roman times, perhaps earlier. In fact, the first-known wine-making manual was written in the 4th century BC by Mago, a Carthaginian. As for palm wine—really a spirit made from palm sap—it must have been concocted many millennia ago.

But a premature Anti-Saloon Leaguer, the angel Gabriel who revealed the Koran to Muhammad, spoiled all that. The world had to wait for centuries until French colonialism arrived on the North African scene and revived wine-making. Mussolini must be credited with at least one civilized action—he instituted vine-planting in Libya, near Benghazi. But the war ruined that enterprise.

Today the most notable North African producers are Algeria and Morocco. Tunisia is less productive: too hot, sparse rainfall. However, its *vin de liqueur*, made from the Muscat grape, with a heady alcoholic content of at least 17 percent, may seduce the sweet-toothed. Its red wines are on a par with Algeria's, but you'll have to fly to Tunis to compare them, as the wines are not yet available among us.

The Egyptian wine story is a touching illustration of creative nostalgia. Nestor Gianaclis was an Egyptian who longed to resurrect his country's wines, once greatly enjoyed by the classical world and the pharoahs. In 1903 he began experimental planting on the desert's brink. Twenty-eight years later he created a white wine highly praised in its day. But, as streams vanish into the Saharan sands, it too has disappeared. Today Egypt is a relatively modest producer, though its wines, mostly destined for the Soviet Union, are improving. Egypt also makes a spirit called *tafia*, over 100 proof, and, from fermented dates, something called *buza*. It is recommended to the PLO as a secret weapon.

Grape harvest near Stellenbosch.

In the recent past, North African wines, especially Algerian, were not usually attractive enough to stand by themselves. Used as blends, they were represented in much French *vin ordinaire*. Today Algeria's gallonage, while less than in colonial days, is more than respectable, eighth in the world. Most of it is red, darkish, powerful (generous, if you prefer a prettier adjective), and a trifle coarse. A few vintages, however, are perfectly satisfactory table wines, such as Médéa. Perhaps Coteaux de Tlemcen and the Monts du Tessalah wines rank still higher. Algeria's white wines, light and fruity, are far from aggressive. Algerian wines are sold under the label "Wines of the World." Some are available on the West Coast, fewer in the East, and for some baffling reason the best market is Boston.

They're fun to try. Look for Clairette Blanc de Blanc (light, dry), $1.99; Dahra Rouge, $1.99; Médéa Rouge (mellow red), $1.99; Mascara Rouge (heavy, deep red, like Midi, Langedoc, Roussillon), $1.99; Mascara Rosé (similar to Provence), $1.99.

Moroccan wines in general lack acidity and freshness, the reds being superior to the whites. The *vin gris* (or rosé), very pale, is a specialty. The wines of Morocco are hard to find here, except in California. The Los Angeles restaurant Magreb uses almost 2,000 cases a year.

When we come to South Africa the picture changes. The climate is perfect, the technology sophisticated, governmental control reliable, and—most important—there is a fairly long tradition of local appreciation. As long ago as 1655 Johan van Riebeeck of the Dutch East India Company planted the first vines on the Cape. His diary for 1659 bears the entry: "Today, praised be the Lord, wine was made for the first time from Cape grapes." Today South Africa vies with Chile and Australia to produce the best wines in the southern hemisphere. The South Africans are more honest than we are: They don't use (steal) names like Chablis, Sauternes, or Champagne, but dream up their own designations. The variety is great, the reds ranging from dry to near-portlike, the whites from dry table wines to sweet dessert wines.

There are many famous wine communes in South Africa. The famous Groot Constantia estate is now a state winery with a reputation for excellent red wines. The main wine-producing communes are close to Cape Town: Paarl (which boasts some of the world's biggest and most modern wine-making operations) and Stellenbosch. Ordinary bulk wines come from the Little Karoo district beyond these two communes, on the other side of the mountains that partition the Cape area.

Stellenbosch is the center of estate wine-making in South Africa. Paarl is the capital of the sherry and dessert-wine industry, as well as the head of the state cooperative, KWV. Paarl produces a sherry indistinguishable from those of Spain (it is on the same latitude as Jerez in reverse)—and their portlike wines are also remarkable.

At one time "old Constantia," constantly mentioned in early 19th-century English novels, challenged the finest dessert wines of Europe. But the secret of its making, like that of stained glass, is now lost.

The South African wine future is bright, almost Californian, and we may look forward to drinking more of its wines than are presently available in the United States. Here in the U. S. the excellent Stellenbosch wines are available under the Oude Libertas label. Look for: Selected Steen (Chenin Blanc), about $3; Selected Steen Late Harvest, $3.50; Rosé, $3; Selected Cinsaut, $3.50; Selected Pinotage, $3.50; Cabernet Sauvignon, $4.50 ◉

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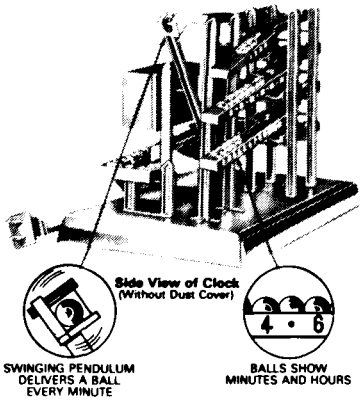

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In Search of an African Pen

by Anthony Burgess

SOME DAY there may be a novel of one million words, by Michener or somebody, dealing with the whole continent from the Cape to Cairo, its title inevitably *Africa!*, but most of the African novels we know are strictly regional. This is especially so of the best of them, which are all by African writers—from the whites like Doris Lessing (Rhodesia) and Nadine Gordimer (South Africa) to the blacks like Amos Tutuola, Cyprian Ekwensi, and Chinua Achebe (who are all, by a coincidence I can do nothing about, Nigerian).

Only one author has tried to put into a novel, and a quite short one, what the white race regards as the very essence of the monstrous continent—the strangeness, danger, savagery, bad magic, jungle, disease, madness—and that is Joseph Conrad in *The Heart of Darkness*. That towering work was travestied in *Apocalypse Now*, which seemed to suggest that all savage places are fundamentally the same. There is, of course, something in the notion.

Indeed, if you want to fictionalize plausibly about Africa you can invent your own territory and stick the African label on. Many years ago I wrote a novel called *Devil of a State* with a setting in North Borneo. Warned of the dangers of libel, I sat down for an hour in my publisher's cellar and put everything into an invented East African state rather like Zanzibar. No reader ever saw anything improbable in it. I joined the writers on Africa in American bibliographies.

You can even, it seems, invent the whole of Africa, as Saul Bellow did in *Henderson the Rain King*. This massive clotted work carries great conviction, but Bellow's truer Africa is to be found in *Humboldt's Gift*, where the American hippie, asking a Kenyan the Swahili for a scatological American expression, is nearly brained, and runs away crying that this isn't real Africa, it's been corrupted by the whites, and so on. John Updike, in *The Coup*, invented an African Muslim state which is beautifully contrived, with the help of the *National Geographic* and a traveling fellowship he spent in South Africa, but says more about consumerist America than the Dark Continent. Americans, on the whole, have not done too well with Africa, if you except Paul Bowles, who deals chiefly with Morocco and whose collected stories, many of them about that Mediterranean Muslim kingdom (but is that *really* Africa?), are at last available. But then you will object: How about Hemingway?

In *The Green Hills of Africa*, an attempt to present real life in the form of fiction, Hemingway's verbal gift is such that one can *smell* the land and even the halitosis of the lions. But it is a tourist's Kenya he gives us, a territory available only to those men who can afford to go on safari. It is a self-indulgent book, with Papa having a good time shooting at things, and it cannot be compared, as

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Crazy Autumn.

Autumn here at Beringer, in the Napa Valley wine country, is all the things you'd expect Autumn in a beautiful place to be. But it's one thing more: It's crazy.

The grapes run the calendar at first, and then they run the clock.

We're in the fields before dawn. The Zinfandels and French Colombards come in big, fat, friendly clusters that almost jump off the vines. The Chardonnays and Pinot Noirs burrow down deep into the scratchy cane and fight you for every handful.

The work days go from eight to ten to twelve hours five, then six, then seven days a week. But we don't have a choice. If we don't make the wine, the grapes will.

The vineyardmaster says there's some Cabernet Sauvignon down near Rutherford that's ready to go, but the winemaster says no.

"Remember the '76 Cab? We didn't pick the last of that until November." (Our 1976 Napa Valley Cabernet Sauvignon is just being released. The words we're hearing are "complex," "balanced" and "intense varietal character.")

"Good grapes can wait," says the winemaster.

"What about the '78 Johannisberg Riesling?" asks a brave soul. "We picked that at sundown and stayed up half the night to crush it."

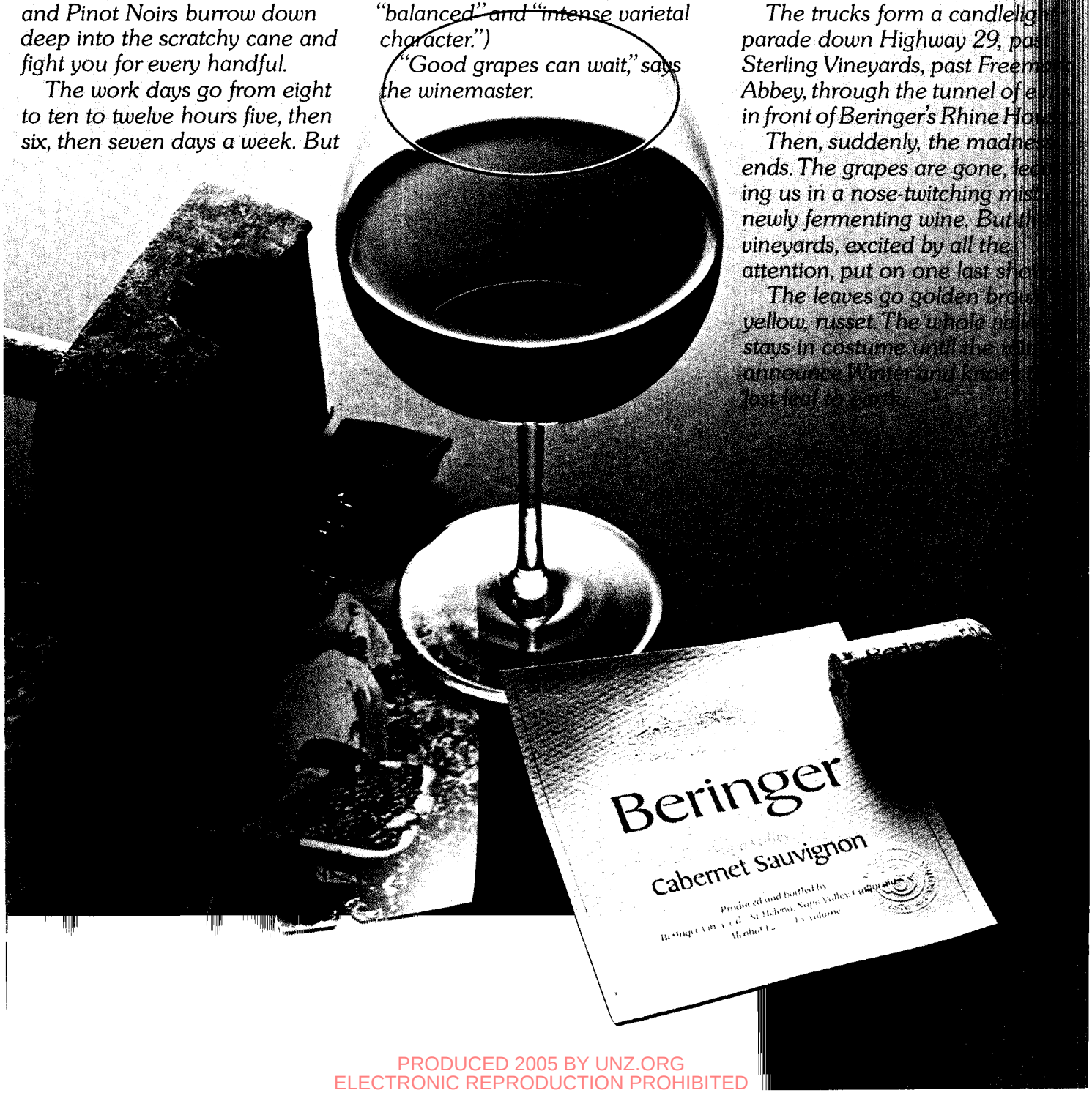
"Some good grapes can't wait," says the winemaster. The meeting is adjourned. Winemasters are not paid to be reasonable.

The towns are dark at sundown now. The night life is at the crushers.

The trucks form a candlelight parade down Highway 29, past Sterling Vineyards, past Freemark Abbey, through the tunnel of elms in front of Beringer's Rhine House.

Then, suddenly, the madness ends. The grapes are gone, leaving us in a nose-twitching mist of newly fermenting wine. But the vineyards, excited by all the attention, put on one last show.

The leaves go golden brown, yellow, russet. The whole valley stays in costume until the rains announce Winter and knock the last leaf to earth.



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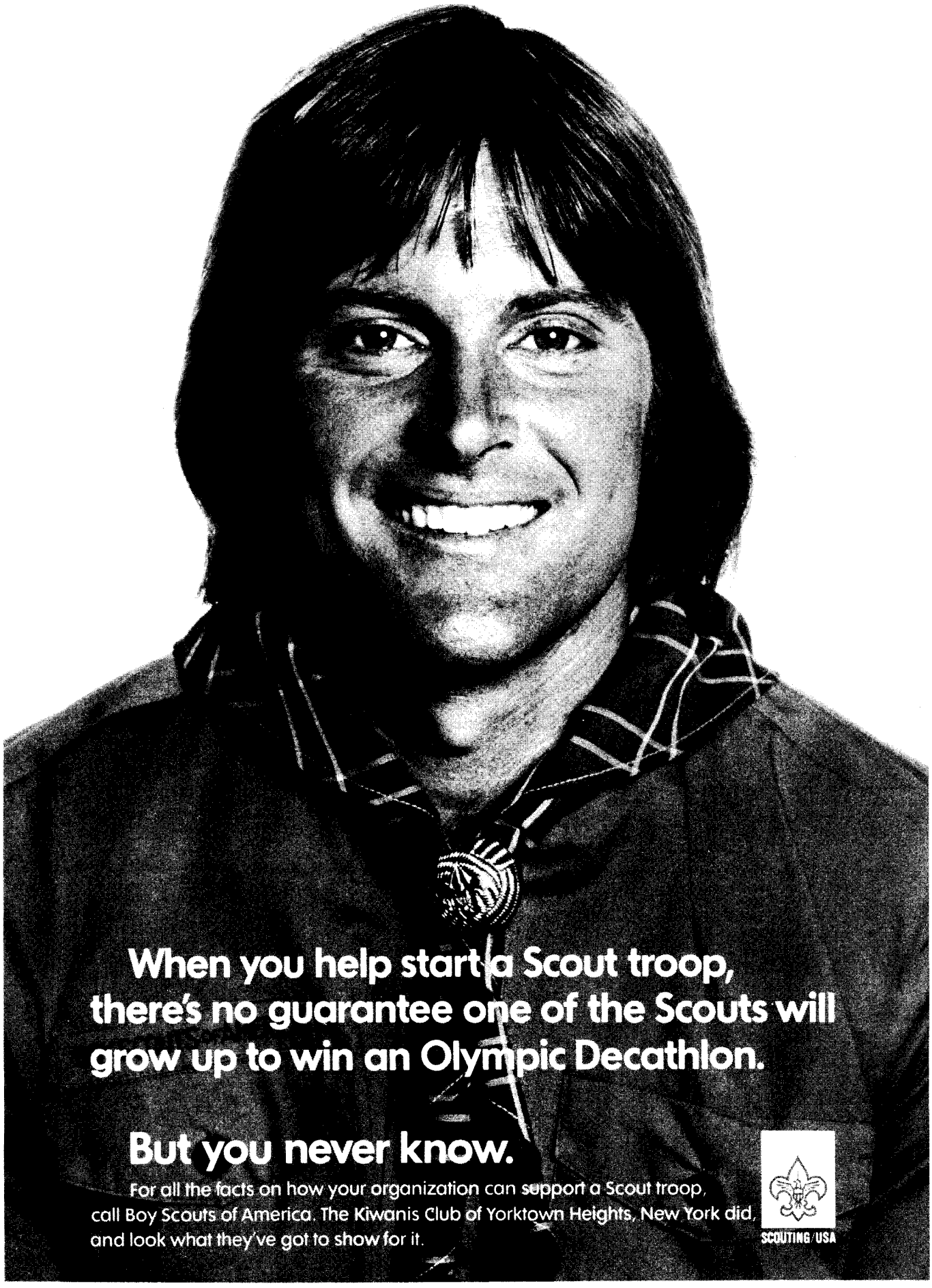
When you help start a Scout troop, there's no guarantee one of the Scouts will grow up to win an Olympic Decathlon.
But you never know.
For all the facts on how your organization can support a Scout troop, call Boy Scouts of America. The Kiwanis Club of Yorktown Heights, New York did, and look what they've got to show for it.
SCOUTING/USA

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writing, with the two masterly short stories that came out of his African vacation—*The Snows of Kilimanjaro* and *The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber*—in which the experience of being in Africa, the confrontation with the mystique of the continent, changes weak men into strong ones. The image Hemingway created in the first story, of the leopard that incredibly gets to the top of the mountain, has become an abiding symbol of Africa's mystery and strength.

How seriously to take Evelyn Waugh's two novels, *Black Mischief* and *Scoop*—both of which create a comic Ethiopia and make of the African scene an over-extravagant world in which not even the blacks are more than ridiculous automata—I do not know. In the first book Basil Seal says to his girl friend: "I'd like to eat you," and she says: "You shall."

> The Masai stood well over six feet in the dull-red toga which was gathered over the left shoulder, leaving his right shoulder and most of the left side of his body bare. His hair had been fancifully roached and clubbed, and then brought forward to make a high ridge atop his head and fall onto his forehead in a thick, brass-ornamented pigtail....
>
> Bracelets circled his wrists and ankles. In his right hand he carried the spear of a full *moran*, one grade behind senior, its long bright deep-guttered blade over five feet long. Tucked under the other arm was the inevitable polished baton without which the bush African considers himself naked.
>
> **—Robert Ruark, *Uhuru* (McGraw Hill Book Company)**

And of course he does. Africa is a country where cannibalism is practiced and a delegation from the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is told by the king, who has yearnings for modernity: "We too have tried to be unkind to animals, but you will teach us to be better at it." A great banquet (in good *King and I* style) has its courses labeled vitamin A: soup; vitamin B: tin sardines; and so on. But in *Sword of Honour*, where Waugh sends his warrior hero to Freetown, Sierra Leone, he pays tribute to the true fictional interpreter of West Africa, Graham Greene. "Later, when *The Heart of the Matter* appeared, he was asked, 'Was it like that?' and he replied, 'It must have been like that.'"

The Heart of the Matter is not essentially about Africa at all. The plot concerns Scobie, a police officer in Freetown and a Catholic who, loving one woman out of pity and another, his wife, out of duty, cannot repent of the sin of adultery and, believing himself discarded by God, commits the deadlier sin of suicide. It is

(text continues on page 44)

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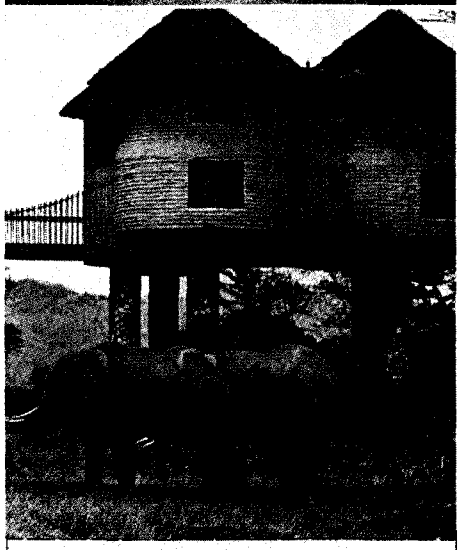

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MICHAEL WINN

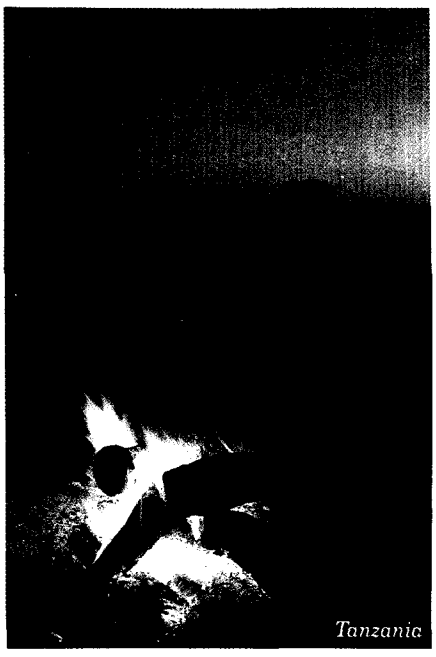
Tanzania

It was a green, pleasant country, with hills below the forest that grew thick on the side of a mountain, and it was cut by the valleys of several watercourses that came down out of the thick timber on the mountain. Fingers of the forest came down onto the heads of some of the slopes and it was there, at the forest edge, that we watched for rhino to come out. If you looked away from the forest and the mountain side you could follow the watercourses and the hilly slope of the land down until the land flattened and the grass was brown and burned and, away, across a long sweep of country, was the brown Rift Valley and the shine of Lake Manyara.

—Ernest Hemingway, *The Green Hills of Africa*
(Charles Scribner's Sons)

I was so sure that I had left the world. And who could blame me, after that trip across the mountain floor on which there was no footprint, the stars flaming like oranges, those multimillion tons of exploding gas looking so mild and fresh in the dark of the sky; and altogether, that freshness, you know, that like autumn freshness when you go out of the house in the morning and find the flowers have waked in the frost with piercing life? When I experienced this in the desert, night and morning, feeling everything to be so simplified, I was quite sure that I had gone clean out of the world, for, as is common knowledge, the world is complex. And besides, the antiquity of the place had struck me so, I was sure I had got into someplace new.

—Saul Bellow,
Henderson the Rain King
(Viking Penguin Inc.)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Tanzania

The geographical position, and the height of the land combined to create a landscape that had not its like in all the world. There was no fat on it and no luxuriance anywhere; it was Africa distilled up through six thousand feet, like the strong and refined essence of a continent. The colours were dry and burnt, like the colours in pottery. The trees had a light delicate foliage, the structure of which was different from that of the trees in Europe; it did not grow in bows or cupolas, but in horizontal layers, and the formation gave to the tall solitary trees a likeness to the palms, or a heroic and romantic air like fullrigged ships with their sails clewed up, and to the edge of a wood a strange appearance as if the whole wood were faintly vibrating.

—Isak Dinesen, *Out of Africa*
(Random House, Inc.)

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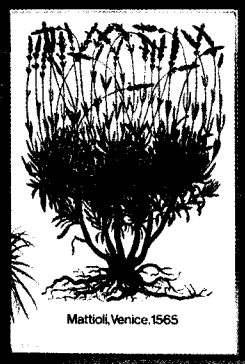

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by his lateral approach to the territory in wartime, his presenting it as a *mise en scène* and not primarily, which must have been a temptation, as a subject, that Greene makes Sierra Leone live—the squalor of the shantytown, the sunset blooming on the laterite roads, the enigmatic natives and their inexplicable morality. In *A Burnt-Out Case* Greene went to the Belgian Congo to deal with a leper settlement but, bemused by Belgianness and leprology, he missed out on the Congo. In his most recent novel, *The Human Factor*, he evokes obliquely the oppression of the South African state, finding in gold a telling double symbol of wealth and brutality: a police officer wears a gold ring and is ready to hit the hero with it. This is a potent image; a kind of African poetry.

Such African writers as Gordimer, Lessing; Paton, and Jacobson have concentrated on racial inequality and the curse of *apartheid*. How far such writing can be called specifically African is an interesting question. When James Baldwin writes of the tribulations of the American blacks he is not doing anything very different. The African setting of African polemical fiction becomes a mere decor: We are dealing primarily with humanitarian concepts, expressed politically, which are a kind of Western import. With Doris Lessing, who evokes very beautifully the topographical and cultural background of her own Rhodesian youth in *The Grass Is Singing*, the wrongs done to colonized blacks are swallowed up in a greater concept of wrong—wrongs to women, to minorities of all kinds—and in political solutions which themselves are swallowed up in a new metaphysic of public sanity as insanity and private insanity as sanity. The true African novel should be like the true American novel: the incarnation in story and image of the life of the people.

White African writers are not able to achieve this. When they present African life they seem forced to take up attitudes which tribal Africans do not understand. They cry out about injustice; they see a continent dedicated, through colonial corruption, to the enactments of evil. Unusually, the popular British novelist Nicholas Monsarrat wrote a very long anti-black novel, *The Tribe That Lost Its Head*, in which he attributes a fine native capacity for evil to the uncolonized Africans, without malefit of imported corruption, and presents the Africanophile white activists as misguided. The tribes of Ham carry the curse of Cain and are always ready to kill, torture, and eat human flesh. The book has been regarded as a monstrous misrepresentation of the black African soul, but it might not be so regarded if it were a study of the white soul.

V.S. Naipaul's recent novel *The Bend in the River* seems to me to say more about the African soul than any novel I have read in years. Naipaul is a West Indian Brahmin whose sensibility owes much to E.M. Forster, who lives in London and speaks like an Englishman but compels himself to undertake difficult (to say the least) journeys in the Third World in order to come to terms with his own mixed cultural heritage.

His new novel presents an African East Coast Indian shopkeeper who, in a time when the emergent African republics are persecuting the Asians, travels inland to set up a store in a former colonial territory that has been "liberated"—that is, has reverted to scrub, the former inhabitants having rejoined their ancestral tribes, and is no more than a ruin of past order. The rehabilitation of the earlier order, through black despotic seizure of power and the employment of white mercenaries, as well as the importation of white skills, follows the pattern of Updike's *The Coup*.

The African future, for good or ill, lies in American consumerism, which means urbanization and the death of tribal values. But, though African appetites can be transformed, the African soul cannot. There remains a residue of thousands of years of tribalism that, no longer valid as a way of life, modifies the new consumer culture and makes it debased, unclean, always ready to resume its former barbaric existence, full of rusting refrigerators and Coca-Cola signs. A stable Africa is an impossibility.

The old colonial Africa of Edgar Wallace's *Saunders of the River*, with district officers, fezzed policemen, and pacific palavers, seems irrecoverable. It was not a bad Africa, any more than the India of the Raj was a bad India. But roads, lawcourts, medical services, and Baptist missionaries were never enough. The murderous republics had to come: They were preordained by the patterns of history. And the ones that were not murderous gained such virtue as they had from the importation of Western ideals.

The novels of black Nigerians like Ekwensi and Achebe deal, inevitably, with conflict, since conflict is the essence of fiction, and the conflicts are between ideals and temptations. In Ekwensi's *Jagua Nana*, a woman of the tribe is obsessed with luxurious importations of which the Jaguar stands as a symbol. Achebe's *A Man of the People* is a satire on corrupt governments and personality cults in the newly independent African states. Achebe's *Arrow of God* deals with the threat of the new Western consumerism to native civilizations which the great world may call primitive but which in fact are vital, rich, and happy. But how much of this rich happy vitality is now or was ever to be found in Africa?

It was only there, one thinks, when the concept of Africa and the African did not exist. From the Cape to Cairo there is a monstrous diversity of race, language, and culture which forbids generalization, though the generalizations go on being made—not least by the Africans of America who, all of West African origin, seek a "native" language of the East Coast, Swahili, as a medium of supposed ancestral expression, and build up an "Afro" culture which is very American. When American blacks succeed in getting past the immigration controls of the new African states, they find they are welcomed not as returning expatriates but as emissaries of American consumerism. Africa does not exist, except as a part of the geopolitical "world island," and hence the African novel will never exist either. We have to be content with Hemingwayesque evocations of a Kenyan moon over the safari campfire, or an exposition of the political wrongs of cities founded by Europeans. For the rest, it must be all regional fiction, and the people qualified to purvey it would not be interested in writing it even if they could write. ◉

Congo

"Going up that river was like travelling back to the earliest beginnings of the world, when vegetation rioted on the earth and the big trees were kings. An empty stream, a great silence, an impenetrable forest. The air was warm, thick, heavy, sluggish. There was no joy in the brilliance of sunshine. The long stretches of the waterway ran on, deserted, into the gloom of overshadowed distances. On silvery sandbanks hippos and alligators sunned themselves side by side. The broadening waters flowed through a mob of wooded islands; you lost your way on that river as you would in a desert, and butted all day long against shoals, trying to find the channel, till you thought yourself bewitched and cut off for ever from everything you had known once—somewhere—far away—in another existence perhaps."

—Joseph Conrad,
Heart of Darkness
(Norton Critical Editions)

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Cartier-Bresson Coolly Obsessed With Humanity

by Owen Edwards

AS MUCH JOY as there is in looking again (and again) at the photography of Henri Cartier-Bresson, the great French master whose major touring retrospective opens at the International Center of Photography in New York on the eleventh of this month, writing about him does not promise much pleasure. The critic's fingers rest on the typewriter keys and turn slowly to lead. After all these years, all the attention, admiration, accolades, what can there be left to say? Cartier-Bresson is a bona fide hero of modern photography, a titan, a legend, gnarled and distended by myth, misinformation, paradox, and hyperbole. Though a vigorous 71—alive, well, and living in Paris—he is already in danger of being consigned to the earnest hunter/gatherers of university art-history departments.

But however many words have already been written about Cartier-Bresson, despite the diminished possibility that there might be something new to say, his pictures always seem to promise something new to see, so one goes on writing, and looking, because the magic at the heart of Cartier-Bresson's work is the pure stuff of photography.

It is important to bear in mind when measuring Cartier-Bresson's accomplishment that the small, fast-shooting camera we take for granted today was an oddity in the early Thirties—new-fangled, not much respected, and by no means well-understood. Some of the earliest users of the miniature cameras saw them merely as an unobtrusive way to make exclusive news pictures.

Aside from this occasional use as a convenient eavesdropper, the small cameras were thought of by most photographers as a less cumbersome but more limited version of large view cameras and hand-held but clumsy box cameras. With its tiny negative, its distortions and loss of resolution with enlargement, the device might have been nothing more than a curious side track in the rational evolution of photographic technology. But Cartier-Bresson and André Kertész,

PHOTOS © HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON

Behind the Saint-Lazare Station, Paris, 1932—*An extraordinary millisecond plucked from life.*

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his fellow pioneer and the strongest influence on his work, changed all that, and changed photography forever.

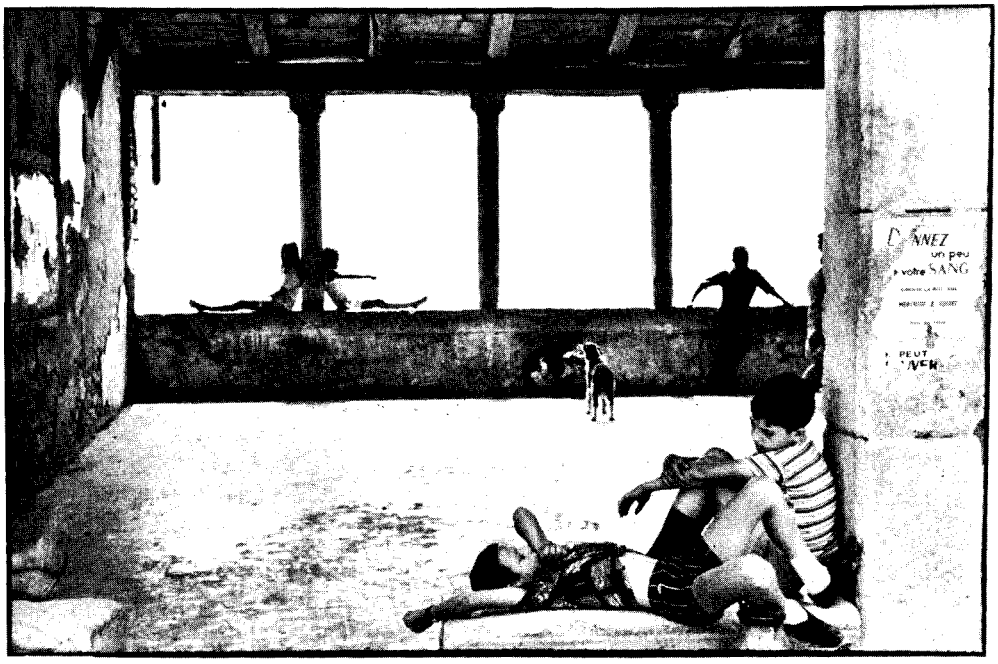
Kertész, a Hungarian working in Paris (and still working, in New York, today), seemed to realize from almost the second he picked up his first Leica that the ease of picture-taking was the basis for a novel photographic aesthetic. Instead of the meticulously arranged compositions made by most photographers using large cameras, Kertész took his camera and began to cut small, seemingly off-hand bits out of the stream of ordinary time, letting the elements in his pictures fall in haphazard patterns, allowing each part to exert its gravitational pull on the others, so that the whole disparate ensemble seemed bound together by an elegant surface tension. Thus, without losing the logic of a picture, he destroyed the repression of the picture frame and the strictures it imposed on artist and viewer alike.

Gymnastics in a Refugee Camp at Karukshetra, Punjab, India, 1948—*Trapped happenstance.*

To Kertész's idea of tracking and trapping the meaning of happenstance, Cartier-Bresson added an obsessive curiosity about humanity. In wonderfully poised instants, men and women are caught in memorable moments of their lives. Thus inhabited, Cartier-Bresson's pictures were from the first accessible to a wide audience. However dazzling the architectonics of a given photograph, however subtle and alluring the interplay of things and the space between them, the power of his pictures remains in their accessibility, in the contact we can feel with the subject matter. His pictures are essentially romantic rather than intellectual; like Chekhov's stories Cartier-Bresson's pictures depend on characters to carry along ideas. Yet whether Cartier-Bresson is showing us Indians in a refugee camp or Spanish prostitutes, his empathy is not bathetic or self-serving; his artistic determination to make beautiful photographs seems never to be overcome by any delusion that taking a picture is saving a soul. The distance he maintains through the practice of his craft lets us look at his photographs without having to wince in embarrassment for the subject. In the introduction to one of his books, Cartier-Bresson wrote that "in order to 'give a meaning' to the world, one has to feel involved in what he frames through the viewfinder." Yet Cartier-Bresson has never let that involvement sabotage the art and artifice of photography.

Much has been made of Cartier-Bresson's term, "the decisive moment," and justifiably so. He knew from the first that you can freeze time indefatigably and never once end up with a good photograph, and he has gloried in both the opportunism needed to pluck the extraordinary milliseconds out of the hodgepodge of life, and the extreme heightening of the senses crucial to success.

But the decisive-moment idea has surely been more misapprehended and misapplied than any other concept in photography. Perhaps because it seems merely a technique to be mastered through practice, thousands of photographers have wasted untold miles of film, poking their cameras into bewildered faces and bewildering scenes, assuming that if you keep moving and shooting and looking you are bound to see and catch life as Cartier-Bresson does. But with all the tireless efforts to emulate him, none has approximated his vision.



Simiane la Rotonde, France, 1970—*Accessible, romantic, but never bathetic or self-serving.*

Why has Cartier-Bresson succeeded where so many others have failed? "The only aspect of the phenomenon of photography that fascinates me," he has said, "and will always interest me, is the intuitive capture through the camera of what is seen." In search of his decisive moments, Cartier-Bresson has done the hardest thing. He has brought his intuition to the surface of his skin and he has kept it there, bonding into a single entity photographer, camera, time, and the objective world. ◉

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Dubrovnik's Secret

THE 30TH ANNUAL Dubrovnik Festival of music, dance, and drama went as unnoticed in America this past summer as have the 29 previous ones. It is not among such glamour festivals as Canada's Stratford Festival, the Salzburg Festival in Austria, the Wagner in Bayreuth, the Greek in Epidaurus. Each summer they attract tens of thousands of culture-loving travelers. Their governments provide lavish budgets for advertising and promotion.

Although there may be no other country on earth more physically endowed than Yugoslavia, with its stunning seashores and plush countrysides, its economy is not yet the match of its nature, and so the strictly budgeted arts festival in the medieval city of Dubrovnik remains a secret to most Americans. Mind you, the marble main street of this walled-in museumlike city is thronged with tourists by day, and the performances are sold out by night. But in terms of much-desired American attention, the Dubrovnik Festival is virtually unknown.

If this summer was typical, major work is being produced there. Both of the productions I saw, the Greek National Theatre's *Prometheus Bound* and a festival production of Ivo Vojnovic's *Dubrovnik Trilogy*, were of international caliber. Moreover, the Vojnovic, commemorating the 50th anniversary of its author's death, was a revelation. It was my introduction to one of Yugoslavia's greatest writers—a playwright all but unheard-of beyond its borders. Presented in an exquisite production, these three one-act plays alone justified the long journey to this ancient city.

In theme and spirit, especially in the first play, *The Dubrovnik Trilogy* bears a notable resemblance to Anton Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*. The subject is the aristocracy of Dubrovnik (by extension, all aristocracies) and how it was made obsolete, first by Napoleon's conquest of the city and then by history's changing values and social structures.

Not without compassion, Vojnovic observes the inability of a pampered upper class to cope with a reforming society; he presents us with people going through the motions of aristocratic life long after their material base has been dissipated; he lets us see the cruder new class that replaces them. But is this theme like that of *The Cherry Orchard*, or vice versa? Chekhov's play had its premiere in 1904, two years later than Vojnovic's.

The first play of the trilogy is called *Allons Enfants*, after the opening phrase of the "Marseillaise." It is set in the palace of one of Dubrovnik's aristocrats. This young man (brilliantly played by Rade Serbedzija, the country's leading actor) has summoned his peers on the eve of Napoleon's entry into the city. That inevitable entry bottles up the air, creating the play's tension.

While the aristocrats await the Duke of Dubrovnik, they discuss the alternatives, which seem to be either passive submission or suicidal but gallant resistance. But they cannot conceive of a changed order and when the Duke finally arrives, they find him a platitudinous, impotent old man who is only concerned with clothes and manners. In short, aristocracy is bankrupt and handicapped by its very hallmarks.

In terms of much-desired American attention, the festival is unknown.

Sunset, the second play, is comparatively intimate. It is now 1830, 24 years later, and three virgin sisters are alone with their mother, surrounded by furniture shrouded in sheets, a symbolic setting also found in *The Cherry Orchard*. Their money is gone, their jewels are gone, all that remains of former wealth is pretension and a now irrelevant set of values. One of the girls is in love with a wealthy young man, but because he is a former peasant, the mother refuses her permission to marry. Although the suitor pleads with the girl to recognize the absurdity of her position, she, like her mother, is a prisoner of the past. Yet, she recognizes the tragedy of her life and so, forbidden by religion to commit suicide, she enters a nunnery.

The third play of the trilogy, *On the Terrace*, is set in 1900 and is written as a surreal variation of a *fin-de-siècle* play (a boulevard play of nostalgic and rueful romance). In this play, Dubrovnik exists, just as today, for tourists, and, just as today, most of those tourists are the detested Austrians and Germans. Nonetheless, the descendants of the town's upper crust now flirt and dance with the tourists. A young peasant approaches an old gentleman, and proves to be the man's illegitimate son. But he has no interest in joining the aristocracy. The bloodlines have been mixed, the distinctions erased forever, the aristocracy's reasons for existence canceled.

The three plays of this trilogy are written, I have been told, in a dialect of the Serbo-Croatian language peculiar to Dubrovnik. Although they have clear plot lines they are symbolist and sometimes mystical plays. Local director Josko Juvancic accented these qualities in the brilliant productions he created for the festival. As with all the events, *The Dubrovnik Trilogy* was presented outdoors, capitalizing on the city's lush subtropical climate. Its setting was stunningly appropriate, for it was the Skocibuha Castle, which is, like the play's characters, an aristocratic relic. Seats and lighting were installed on three sides of this opulent residence so that the audience could move from one stage to another between the plays. For *Allons Enfants*, the castle actually provided a two-level set. The lower half was the aristocratic home and the upper was a stage-wide terrace. Juvancic placed *Sunset* in an intimate garden with a leafed ceiling, the tops of three towering palm trees. *On the Terrace* was done on a big, open stage set against a third side of the castle with doors and nooks and overhangs that seemed designed with just this production in mind.

Juvancic's overall concept of acting and performance—stylized and presentational—bore a strong resemblance to the work of Andrei Serban, the Rumanian director who is having such a success in New York (a particular resemblance, unsurprisingly, to Serban's infamous/celebrated *Cherry Orchard*). Then again, the crossing of literary texts with surreal, supervisual productions is the current fashion throughout Europe. It is very effective on first viewing, but whether it is a style with versatility and staying power or only production for production's sake remains to be judged. Certainly in the case of *The Dubrovnik Trilogy*, Juvancic's use of this directing style seems appropriate. The production will doubtless be the centerpiece of the Dubrovnik Festival for many years to come. Hopefully, it will call to the attention of the rest of the world this striking play and its forgotten author. Perhaps it will also call attention to the festival itself—a very special festival indeed.

—Martin Gottfried

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Steenburgen, McDowell, Time After Time; *Streep, Alda,* Joe Tynan; *Gere, Eichhorn,* Yanks; *Susan Penhaligon, Hauer,* Soldier of Orange.

TIME AFTER TIME (Orion-Warner Bros.) was written and directed by Nicholas Meyer, who specializes in bizarre literary confrontations. Last time it was Sherlock Holmes and Sigmund Freud in *The Seven Per Cent Solution.* This time he brings together H. G. Wells and Jack the Ripper.

The Ripper, escaping arrest by the Victorian police, uses Wells's Time Machine to flee into the late 20th century. Wells, confident that rational planning would by then have achieved utopia, follows in hot pursuit to protect his cherished future from 19th-century evil. Their deadly encounter takes place in the San Francisco of 1979. I am the future, not you, the Ripper informs Wells, twirling the dials on a television set to display an age consumed by violence.

I will not betray the ingenuities that spin the plot. The film is bright, funny, and scary all at once. One encounters carelessness in detail. Despite extensive physical exertion, for example, Wells apparently never needs to change his late Victorian shirt. But imagination and zest prevail. Meyer directs his first film with surprising proficiency. Malcolm McDowell is a most convincing Wells, David Warner a disturbing Ripper, and Mary Steenburgen a touching heroine. My only complaint is that gratuitously explicit scenes of the Ripper at work disqualify the film for impressionable children. Otherwise it is an uncommonly cunning and literate thriller.

The Seduction of Joe Tynan (Universal) is a glibly disillusioned essay about American politics. Its premise is that the democratic process is inherently corrupting. You cannot be loyal to your family, friends, and ideals, the film assures us, and prosper in public life. "I'm more cynical having done politics a little bit than I was before I got into it," the author and star, Alan Alda, told the *Washington Post.* " ... I could campaign for an issue now—but I don't know if I could campaign for a candidate."

This is quite a mouthful from a fellow who has spent his life in the morally uplifting atmosphere of television sitcoms. No doubt politics is corrupting. So is everything else. I know of no profession, including acting, that is free from compromise, envy, and ambition, and I have known quite a number of politicians who seem to me pretty decent men. I suppose that few of us, though, can be as pure (or pompous) as Mr. Alda.

His complacency and condescension doom the film. As screenwriter, Alda will not take politics seriously enough even to work out his story. A young liberal senator, going back on a pledge given with improbable casualness to a colleague, decides to oppose a southern Supreme Court appointment in order to advance his own ambitions. He is supposed to risk his senatorial career thereby; but threatened reprisals never materialize, and at the end the film depicts one of his chief opponents in the confirmation fight as still a close ally. We are given to understand early on that Joe Tynan's supreme hope is to deliver the nominating speech, presumably for the very president who had attempted the heinous appointment. But at the convention he seems mysteriously to have become the candidate himself. This is one of those movies that gets too many things wrong.

A second theme—the strain politics imposes on family life—is more persuasively handled. The best thing about the film, however, is the superb rendition by that splendid actor Melvyn Douglas of an aging southern senator. Alda, a better actor than writer, is effective as Tynan, and Charles Kimbrough contributes an excellent sketch as his administrative assistant. My colleagues have generally applauded Meryl Streep as the civil-rights lawyer who threatens Tynan's marriage, but I thought her performance smug, with that maddening secret smile forever playing on her lips. Altogether a cheap little movie.

Yanks (Universal) is a gentle and sentimental film about the American occupation of Great Britain during World War II. John Schlesinger's narrative style here is desultory and sometimes exasperating, building its drama through the cumulative impact of an endless procession of short scenes. The small English town with its resident GIs seems strangely removed from the war, but the characters are well conceived, and their relationships are informed by nice human feeling.

Yanks, moreover, has the enchanting presence of Vanessa Redgrave. However fatuous her personal politics may be, she is a magical actress, perhaps the Garbo of our time. A young newcomer named Lisa Eichhorn makes a strong impression, and William Devane and Richard Gere are fine as their admirers. This is a sweet but not very compelling movie.

Soldier of Orange (International Picture Show) is also about World War II. It is a Dutch film and, though old-fashioned in story and technique, has the freshness of new characters and a new terrain. The story begins with undergraduate hazing at the University of Leyden in 1938. War breaks out, but the Netherlands remains neutral. Then the Nazis suddenly strike in 1940, and the movie examines the diverse ways the Leyden classmates respond to the Nazi occupation. Some resist, some collaborate, some do their best to ignore the whole thing. The melodramatic sequences are artfully done, and Rutger Hauer is oddly endearing as the bespectacled hero. I recommend it.

—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

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Open Door to a Closed Society

TESTIMONY, PROFESSING to be a late-life retrospective by Dmitri Shostakovich, who died in 1975, is not so much a revelation as a verification of what happened to that greatly talented composer under Soviet rule.

The book, edited by Solomon Volkov and published by Harper & Row, begins with the words, "These are not memoirs about myself," and then continues to be little else for the next 276 pages. To be sure, as Shostakovich is quoted as saying, "These are memoirs about other people." But however you look at it, the vivid image is of Shostakovich at the center of a vortex around which swirled two generations of artistic life in the USSR under Josef Stalin, Nikita Khrushchev, and Leonid Brezhnev.

For those who might regard Shostakovich, when he died at 69, as just another person born in the wrong place at the wrong time, the text—dictated to Volkov between 1970 and 1975 and smuggled out of the country chapter by chapter—might be an evocation of "old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago." But the insights it gives into the life of an extraordinary artist hedged in, circumscribed, and constantly reminded of his duty to the "common good" are all too clearly a blueprint of what might happen to someone else, someplace else.

The verification I have mentioned relates to the "pressures" Shostakovich was under and how he responded to them. "Tell the administration that you're working on the opera *Karl Marx* or *The Young Guards*," he suggests, "and they'll forgive you your quartet when it appears." Or, write "for the desk" as it was called, and save an important work for a premiere in some specific circumstance.

Such an instance could be the Violin Concerto opus 99. This had its first American performance in 1955 when the late David Oistrakh made his debut with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. As the program note writer (myself) stated, "There are good reasons for believing that it was begun several years ago"—the "good reasons" being the soloist's private statement that this was the way Shostakovich worked.

For an American writer of the time, the supposition was that Shostakovich's "conformity" was in response to blandishments and warnings of discipline. But *Testimony* leaves no doubt that the pressures pertained even more to the psychological than the propagandistic.

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

The young Shostakovich at work.

Early in his career (the late 1920s, when he was not yet 25) Shostakovich had an association with the celebrated director and man of the theater, Vsevolod Meyerhold. Later, mentioning Meyerhold, the composer bemoans "the horrible fate that befell him." In June, 1939, Meyerhold "disappeared"—a euphemism to cover his arrest, imprisonment, and possible execution—and died a decade or so later, either by execution or suicide.

Irrational as it may seem, for one with so secure a world-wide reputation as Shostakovich's, the possibility of his own "disappearance" haunted him through all the Stalin years.

The roots were deep: The moral objections of the murderous autocrat to the sexual lust depicted in Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth of Mtzensk* resulted in an article in *Pravda* (January 28, 1936) entitled "Muddle Instead of Music." From being the most famous of Russian composers after Prokofiev (about whom he has many disagreeable things to say), Shostakovich found himself, overnight, "an enemy of the people."

As Shostakovich put it, "Now everyone knew for sure that I would be destroyed. And the anticipation of that noteworthy event—at least for me—has never left me."

He worked on, of course, for nearly 40 years more, in circumstances that have rarely beset a man and artist of his stature. He makes many references to the origin of well-known works which will require a thorough-going revision of his output. The Symphony no. 7 (*Leningrad*) was not written to denounce the Nazi threat to his native city, but was an outpouring that had been forming in his mind for several years against all oppressors, Stalin as well as Hitler. His Ninth, he says, did not satisfy Stalin because it did not have soloists or a chorus, like Beethoven's. The Symphony no. 10, though purporting to relate to the revolutionary year of 1905, was, in Shostakovich's mind, a summary of "Stalin's era." And so on.

On the two occasions I saw Shostakovich in New York he was, to say the least, a man on guard, ill-at-ease. The first was in 1949, when an international conclave on behalf of "Peace" (always a suspicious word when capitalized) brought him to the Waldorf for highly publicized meetings and press conferences. The text says that he made the trip at the "urging," by telephone, of Stalin himself: "It cost me a great deal, that trip, I had to answer stupid questions and keep from saying too much."

The second time, a decade later, he came with a group of other Soviet composers in the name of "cultural exchange." I sat opposite him at a lunch in the Harvard Club and particularly noticed his nervous manner, his deeply chewed fingernails, and his lack of participation in the discussions around him.

Doubtless the authenticity of *Testimony*'s content will be subject to analysis and comment from several sides. My contribution to an opinion of the English text, translated by Antonina W. Bouis, is I hope, illuminating.

The book begins more clearly and cohesively (also concisely) than it e nds, suggesting a decline in powers of concentration as the composer's strength waned. There are repetitious references to Stalin and to Prokofiev, also to Alexander Glazunov, the elder of the old czarist musical society whom Shostakovich cherished because he had been helpful to him as a boy.

All these, and the many other references to things of absorbing interest, could easily have been copy edited for easier reading. That they remain as they are suggests that *Testimony* is exactly what it professes to be—a book difficult to read but even harder to forget.

—Irving Kolodin

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His Somewhat Lesser Sound and Fury

by Cleanth Brooks

The Uncollected Stories of William Faulkner
edited by Joseph Blotner
Random House, 716 pp., $17.95

MANY INFORMED Americans now consider William Faulkner to be the greatest American fiction writer of the 20th century and just possibly in our history. But his achievement of such recognition came to him with a painful slowness. He was 53 when he won the Nobel Prize, and in his acceptance speech he described his life's work as having been accomplished "in the agony and sweat of the human spirit...." Many of us now know enough about his life to realize that he did not exaggerate.

A distressing element was the circumstance that those novels written in the agony of the human spirit did not sell. Three years before he won the Nobel Prize there were precisely three of his novels in print: one Modern Library volume containing *The Sound and the Fury* and *As I Lay Dying*; another, containing his *succès de scandale, Sanctuary*. Faulkner frequently complained to his close friends and his literary agents that as a consequence he was forced to grind out short stories for the *Saturday Evening Post* and such like magazines to keep bread and meat on the table. His other expedient was to go to Hollywood and work as a scriptwriter.

Faulkner indeed did a certain amount of pot-boiling in short fiction. But he also wrote some very great short stories, such as "Red Leaves" and "That Evening Sun," and a great many very accomplished short stories such as "Mountain Victory," "Turn About," and "Elly." Even in his poorer work the hand of the master is usually apparent, in an apt phrasing or a memorable character or a brilliantly conceived scene.

In any case, one must welcome Joseph Blotner's edition of the hitherto uncollected stories. The intelligent reader will not, of course, expect it to be a florilegium culled from the Faulknerian garden. *Uncollected Stories* is not that sort of book. It amounts to no more than what its title claims: a collection of stories which, for one reason or another, were not printed in *Knight's Gambit* (1949) or in *Collected Stories* (1950). Some of the stories that appear were long ago incorporated, usually in altered form, into such novels as *The Unvanquished* or *The Hamlet*. Others, such as "Miss Zilphia Gant" or "Idyll in the Desert," originally appeared in limited editions. "Nympholepsy," probably written in 1925, was not printed until 1975 in the *Mississippi Quarterly*, an admirable magazine but of limited circulation.

Still others, those that make up Section III of this book, have never before been printed anywhere. This last group includes stories like "Adolescence," written toward the beginning of Faulkner's career (composed in the early 1920s) and a number of stories from the late Twenties and early Thirties, which were turned down by all the magazine editors to whom Faulkner sent them. The editors can scarcely be blamed, for the stories do not come off.

Yet some of them, "The Big Shot," "Dull Tale," "A Return," and "Evangeline," will, for many readers, prove to be the most exciting stories in the present collection. They show the young Faulkner's head fairly seething with the characters, dramatic situations, and themes that would be brilliantly set forth in the masterpieces of the ensuing decades. Thus, one finds Popeye and

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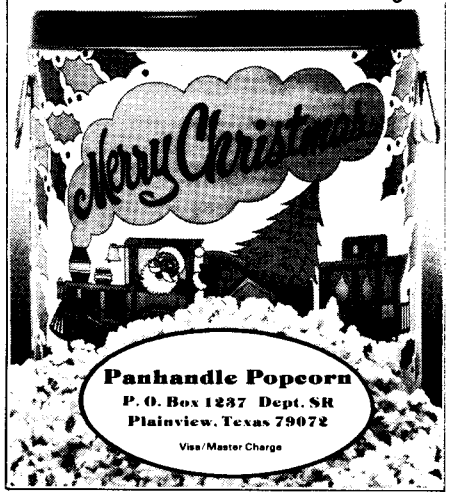

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Red, those denizens of the Memphis underworld, already about the nefarious businesses they would pursue in *Sanctuary*. We get a glimpse of Temple Drake, with her "bold, painted mouth," trying to look "cool, predatory, and discreet," as she plays at sex, though in "The Big Shot" she is called Wrennie Martin. One reads cynical observations about women's natural affinity for evil such as Mr. Compson will utter in *The Sound and the Fury*.

In "The Big Shot" and in "Dull Tale" (a revision of "The Big Shot") Faulkner reveals himself to be already fascinated with the story of a poor white boy's rise from poverty to wealth. Martin is a typical rags-to-riches hero. He has come to financial power through native shrewdness, patience, and relentless willpower. Out of this archetype of the Protestant work ethic Faulkner will later on separate out such specialized characters as Thomas Sutpen and Flem Snopes. On the one hand, Martin lacks the tragic nature of Sutpen and on the other, the cold-blooded meanness of Flem.

In "A Return" Faulkner gives us still a third variant of the man of iron will in Randolph Gordon, whose dedicated pursuit of wealth is, however, neither heroic nor demonic. Randolph, a hard-headed businessman of the New South, ends up as merely a "sane co-ordinated man with his healthy stocky mind."

The basic function of Randolph Gordon is, in fact, to serve as a foil for Gavin Blount, the ineffective representative of the Old South—introspective, bound to a brittle concept of honor, and living in the past. Blount is another archetypal figure who, in the novels to come, will be differentiated into two characters: Horace Benbow, who, like Blount, has an "eager face sick with nerves" and is a romantic dreamer, and Gail Hightower, the declassed clergyman of *Light in August*, who has totally withdrawn from the community and from the present day. Both Blount and Hightower are obsessed with a personal symbol of glory: a vision of the dashing Confederate cavalryman, locks flying, brandishing his saber, shot from his saddle as he charges. For neither Blount nor Hightower is the sense of glory dimmed by the knowledge that his grandfather actually met his death not as he charged a Federal redoubt, but as he foraged for food in a chicken roost.

In "The Big Shot" and "Dull Tale" the barefooted sharecropper's son is impressed by the fact that a man who can afford to wear shoes "all the year around" can take them so much for granted as to discard them altogether when he lies at his ease in a hammock all afternoon while the boy's own parents are at work in the fields. In both stories, the boy suffers the indignity of having a black servant shut the front door of the great house in his face and of being ordered to go to the back door. In *Absalom, Absalom!* the whole incident—the landowner lolling in his hammock, the firmly shut door, and the black face "about to burst into laughing"—appears, though with a much fuller development of the psychological effect on the youth.

The seeds of future novels are not only to be discovered in characters and isolated incidents. In "Evangeline" we find the very plot of *Absalom, Absalom!* We realize that here we are reading a first draft of Faulkner's greatest novel. Much of the plot is identical. The diminutive but indomitable Miss Rosa Coldfield, Thomas Sutpen's sister-in-law, who lives the last 43 years of her life in a state of outrage, does not appear, but we meet Thomas Sutpen, his children Judith and Henry, and the handsome young man from New Orleans, Charles Bon. As in *Absalom, Absalom!*, Henry kills Charles to prevent the consummation of his marriage to Judith. He disappears, but at Judith's death he decides to return and lives hidden in the decaying mansion house as a "flesh and blood ghost" for some 40 years.

Yet how different the two versions are! Thomas Sutpen does not dominate the story as he dominates the novel. Instead, "Evangeline" focuses on Henry and Judith. In "Evangeline" Bon is not Thomas Sutpen's son by an earlier marriage, and so that enormously complicating factor in the novel is lacking. By comparing "Evangeline" with *Absalom, Absalom!* we witness the always marvelous metamorphosis of grub into butterfly.

Why the curious title "Evangeline"? Since there is no such character in the story, Faulkner must have borrowed the title from Longfellow's celebrated tearjerker. One remembers that Longfellow's Evangeline has her nuptials broken up by the arrival of the soldiers come to evict the Acadians. She and Gabriel are not to meet again until the ever-faithful woman finds him just in time to smooth the pillow on his deathbed. In Faulkner's "Evangeline," Judith and Charles Bon do marry and with her father's blessing, but that very evening Charles has to ride away to war. In "A Return" there is a slight variation on the Evangeline theme. This time the marriage is consummated and a child is begotten in the few hours that the bride and bridegroom have together before he boards his troop train. A little later, the bridegroom is killed in battle, and his young widow, choosing never to remarry, endures, like Judith Sutpen, a lifetime of hardship and poverty.

In stressing the stories of Blotner's Section III I do not want to suggest that *Uncollected Stories* is primarily for professional scholars. Anyone with a decent acquaintance with four or five of

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the best novels will find much to interest him in this volume, for the book has clearly been designed for the reader of amateur status. It does not bristle with scholarly apparatus.

Joseph Blotner has supplied a brief introduction and notes, at the back of the book, dating the composition and publication of each story and recounting the subsequent history of the text. In the preparation of these notes, Blotner has drawn not only on his own experience in writing Faulkner's biography and editing his selected letters, but, as his bibliography attests, on the relevant Faulkner scholarship. One example must suffice. Section II of "Miss Zilphia Gant" in the limited edition—the only printing hitherto available—begins, "They told me in the town...." James B. Meriwether has pointed out, on the evidence of the typescript, that the word "me" is a typesetter's error or perhaps was improperly inserted by an editor. Blotner's text takes care to omit the "me." The matter is not completely inconsequential, for the "me" would imply that the story was told in the first person by an observer and not, as I think is clearly the case, by the author in the third person. But consequentiality aside, the instance would suggest that Blotner has exerted due editorial concern to produce a faithful text.

All Faulkner readers will rejoice to have at last available in one volume stories that have heretofore had to be sought out in the back files of magazines or in scarce limited editions, or, hardest to come by of all, in Faulkner's typescripts or manuscripts to be found only in a few rare book libraries.

Cleanth Brooks taught for many years at Yale University and is the author of several books, among them two on William Faulkner.

Brainwashed, We Love

In the Name of Love
by Jill Tweedie
Pantheon, 196 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Margaret Drabble

JILL TWEEDIE is the queen of English women journalists. For years now she has harangued, provoked, and entertained her readers with a mixture of common sense and embattled indignation, writing of sexism and racism, divorce and abortion, teenagers and death. She is often funny, never dull. A committed feminist, she despises the feminist stand against pornography; her husband Alan Brien wrote a book on breasts, and she wished him luck with it. Had love blinded her judgment? Her book, *In the Name of Love,* tells us.

Tweedie does not think much of love or marriage. In the first chapter she informs us that most husbands and wives endure marriages only through:

> ravaging compromises and a resulting anesthesia that has left them half-way dead. In the name of that love they have jettisoned every grace considered admirable in any other part or act of life: honesty, dignity, self-respect, courtesy, kindness, integrity, steadfastness of principle. They have said those things to each other that are unsayable and done those things that are undoable....

She goes on to catalogue the crimes of love: mutual dependence, dictator-slave relationships, collusion in immaturity, servility, cruelty. Even maternal love is not spared; it is merely a biological trick, a genetic drive. Romantic love is worse, a panic response to industrial society, a heady mixture that "acts on our nervous systems in the same way as sniffing isobutyl nitrate, the poor man's cocaine.... Love as the popper of the people." Love is possession, exploitation, degradation.

Love moved the followers of Charles Manson to murder, love turned Eva Braun into an accomplice psychopath and made Frau Stangl shut her eyes to the crimes of her husband as commandant at Treblinka, even though she declared after the event that if she had confronted him with the alternatives: "Treblinka or me; he would—yes, he would, in the final analysis, have chosen me." Love is "*folie à deux,*" and we waken from it as to the light of day, forgetting our madness with relief, and forgetting the joys and intimacies that we shared with our loved ones. According to Tweedie, "Ex-lovers rarely meet again or write or offer each other even those small kindnesses and comforts that strangers would not withhold." Most ex-lovers, perhaps.

Tweedie has collected her evidence for this sweeping indictment from some odd corners. Scraps of anthropology, psychology, sociological research, and the findings of Konrad Lorenz about ducks and gray-legged geese mingle with quotations from popular songs and the sayings of her friends, many of whom, having achieved financial independence, come up with the brutal question, "What do I want a man for?" A man around is nothing but a nuisance, for men and the patriarchal system are responsible for most of the abuses of love. Like many feminists, she harks back to the possibly mythical golden age of matriarchy, agreeing with Engels that the root of evil is the family, and its stress on private property. She colors her argument with personal reminiscences about her own marriages—she is now on her

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third—and the curious distortions of personality that they imposed on her: doll-wife, appeasing mistress, housekeeper, cook. She sees in her past a "barmy acceptance" of the traditional female role. Thousands of women will ruefully recognize the truth of her testimony; those who do not are, in her view, brainwashed. She, in her freedom, says the unsayable, and many will not forgive her.

It is easy to find fault with her book. Jill Tweedie is essentially a journalist, better at the short sprint than at sustained argument. She makes wild generalizations, invokes dubious authorities, repeats herself, contradicts herself. American readers, accustomed to more serious discussions of this theme, may find her lightweight, her style itself coy and girlish, may think her a magpie mind, for she often resorts to such strange exclamations as "Me Jane, you Tarzan," and tells us, for instance, that Medea was "no great shakes as a mother." A coyness of tone in such theses has been a problem for most women writers, including even Virginia Woolf in *A Room of One's Own* —an attempt at whimsy, at disarming feyness, creeps in to sugar the bitter pill.

Nor is there much that is original in her discussion. It is a hodgepodge, a précis of the arguments of others. One would not like to see her account of the neocortex, the paleocortex, and the hypothalmic portions of the brain subjected to hostile scientific commentary; phrases like "the ritualistic and hierarchical reptile brain" seem particularly suspect, for reptiles do not as far as I know go in for much in the way of rituals and hierarchies. (Now, is that a coy or girlish remark in itself? I wonder.)

Nevertheless, this is a memorable work, for reasons that seem to contradict Tweedie's main argument. Despite all, she has a deep and undying faith in the power of love, and perhaps it is only its uncertainty, its ephemerality, its subjection to change and death that most disturb her. Her description of her feelings for her children proves nothing, but it has a painful truth. For the first babies, she felt little, at first; "I was so lonely I feared I no longer existed and the baby was merely an ingredient of that loneliness, part of it. I thought him lonely too. He certainly looked it, a chick left in the nest, purblind and helpless.... " The youngest, however, she loved at once, and without qualification. Through him, she claims, she learned to love. "I did not invoke this feeling by any effort," she says. "It was." And, by implication, however arbitrary and amoral, it was good, for the child has to this day, she says, the "solid inner core" of one who was loved truly.

She believes the same of her love for her present husband, though he reminds

JERRY BAUER

Jill Tweedie—Says the unsayable.

her of an old warthog, remembers no birthdays, and does not know the meaning of romance. They are equal, they love. And therefore, because she loves and is happy, she has to invent a future for love, an evolution of love that will transform it when we become equal, a love that will reject flattery, collusion, domination. We believe because we need to believe. Blinded, brainwashed, we love. The romantic fallacy, if such it be, dies hard, but in the cause of survival we learn to give it another name.

Margaret Drabble is author most recently of The Ice Age.

Books in Brief

The Death of Jim Loney
by James Welch
Harper & Row, 179 pp., $8.95

WITH ITS echoes of *loony* and *lonely*, the name of James Welch's hero is as foreboding as the title of this novel. Jim Loney is a former high-school basketball star in Harlem, Montana—a member of the town's only championship team, the 1958 State "B" Champs. Half-Indian, half-white, at 35 Loney, having lost the thrill of his youth's achievement, is paralyzed by the ambiguity of his heritage and is slipping into a frightening self-absorption from which neither his successful sister nor his lover can rescue him.

Harlem, with a main street, a movie theater, and a squad car, is one of those towns that to strangers seem easy to pass through and to residents impossible to escape. Welch's Montanans, for whom the only people lower are North Dakotans, live in the sour stink of bars, sustained by alcohol and the pathetic triumphs of courtship and fist fights. Many of them live on the border of isolation and madness. After Loney is involved in a hunting accident, his precarious control weakens and he crosses over that border.

Welch, an American Indian, records a self-destruction that is neither heroic nor honorable and captures the pain that passes through people like an electric shock. His finest characterization is of Rhea, Loney's lover, whose inner strength keeps evaporating into defensive Southern coyness; lacking the aptitude to understand him, she cannot confer upon Loney her own freedom to leave Harlem.

The specter of Hemingway hovered over Welch's moody first novel, *Winter in the Blood*, but here his lean prose is richer while his dialogue retains the ache of overheard conversation. Despite some awkward foreshadowing and symbolism, Welch writes about small, doomed lives without pitying or glorifying them.

—WILLIAM LOGAN

A Lion for Love: A Critical Biography of Stendhal
by Robert Alter
Basic Books, 285 pp., $13.95

FOR YEARS Henri Beyle was a dilettante, a journalist, and a tireless traveler who left his native France several times in the early 19th century for the land that bedazzled him, Italy. He adored evenings at La Scala. He plagiarized a book on Italian painting. And he had a lion's appetite for sex, pursuing the willing and unwilling beauties of Paris and Milan. When he settled down to write under the false name of Stendhal, he created two of the seminal masterworks of the psychological novel, *The Red and the Black* and *The Charterhouse of Parma*, and he did so with the lightning speed of genius—the second work was finished in just 52 days. His achievement is even more amazing when we know that he did not begin to write fiction until he was well into his forties.

His claim that he wrote for the 20th century was not a boastful puff. Scholars and analysts continue to be enticed by his mystical bond with Italy, his dismaying appearance (he was fat and wore a toupee that failed to camouflage his graying hair), his inadequacies, the more than 200 pseudonyms he used for cover, and the relationships between the women he knew and his heroines. Because some of Beyle's previous biographers equate human motives with Chinese boxes, one lurking within the other, it is refreshing to read Robert Alter. He offers clear insights without going off on Freudian sprees. Though he doesn't render the author's last years as vividly as he does his youthful life, Alter succeeds, in the tight squeeze of 280 pages, in

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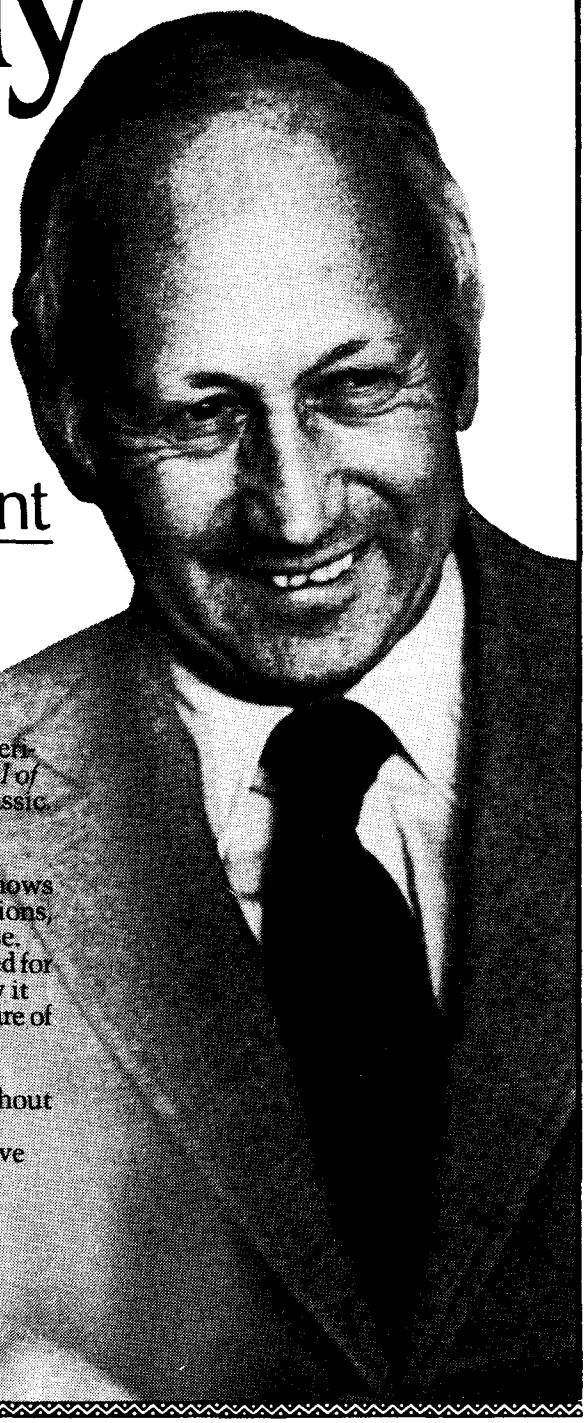

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Cultural Materialism: The Struggle for a Science of Culture
by Marvin Harris
Random House, 381 pp., $15

WHY DO CULTURES differ? Jews spurn pigs as unclean while Hindus worship cows as holy. Is the cause to be found in religious ideas? Rules of classification? Family life? Personality? No, says Marvin Harris. All ideas and behavior arise from the tensions between human beings and their material environment. Every culture is an intricate, sometimes vestigial scheme of "cost-benefit" adaptations for survival. The Jews declared pork unclean because pigs were inefficient to raise for food. The Hindus began worshipping cows because cows became more valuable for milk and plowing than for eating.

Such is the theory of cultural materialism as devised by Marvin Harris (previously applied in his popular case studies *Cows, Pigs, Wars and Witches* and *Cannibals and Kings*). It owes an obvious debt to Marx, but it differs from recent fashions in Marxism by eschewing abstract dialectics and structuralism. Harris here spells out the superiority of cultural materialism to these competing Marxist theories and to other reigning systems of explanation in the human sciences—especially those that locate the causes of culture in biology or mind—claiming that its superiority lies in its parsimony (it explains the most facts with the simplest theory) and, above all, in its scientific impartiality.

Harris insists that anthropology must become a science or languish forever in half-truths and confusion. And this science can be achieved only by trusting the unbiased observations of outsiders (anthropologists) rather than the subjective reports of those within the culture. For only outsiders can discern the actual functions of a people's ideas and behavior: Insiders can know only the cultural rationale for them—e.g., that pigs *are* unclean.

No one provokes Harris's wrath more than anthropologists who dismiss scientific objectivity as an illusion, saying an outsider to one culture is an insider to his own culture and therefore incapable of seeing objectively. Blind obscurantism! The death of knowledge! So Harris believes. And he is right. Yet his own explanations of culture, although scientifically detached, theoretically simple (despite the insufferable jargon), and nicely spiced with harsh words against fashionable subjectivity, leave doubts that Harris has fully comprehended the complexity of human experience.

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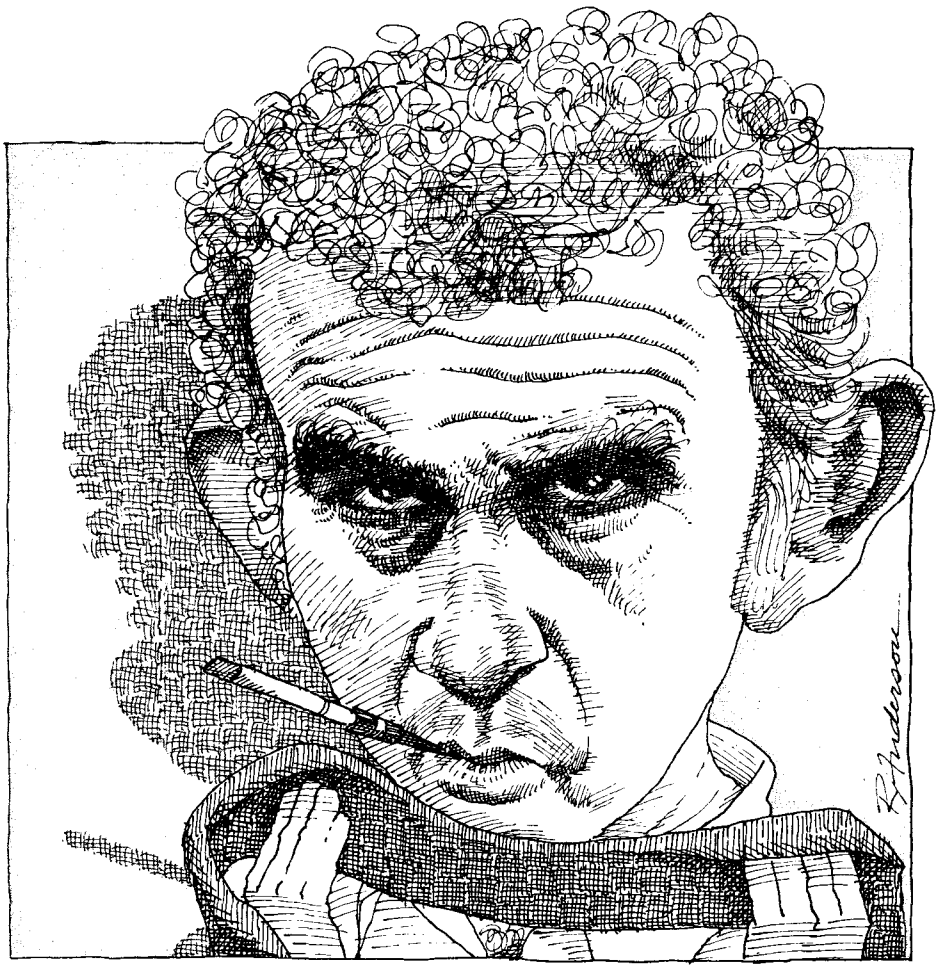
The Executioner's Song
by Norman Mailer
Little, Brown, 1056 pp., $16.95



NO LIFE IS unworthy of a novel, Flaubert once said. Taking him at his word, Norman Mailer has devoted more than a thousand pages to nine months in the life of Gary Gilmore, from the time of his arrest in 1976 after killing two men to his execution in Utah by a firing squad.

Mailer calls this "a true-life novel." "Most nonfiction," he recently said to me, "is predigested. The writer ruminates on the material before he presents it to the reader." He went on to explain that fiction avoids that mistake by offering the reader the direct experience of the characters. It doesn't matter whether an incident is true or not, as long as it is convincing. The paradox of fiction is that an inventive narrative can seem more real than a verbatim report.

Mailer's "true-life novel"—which will remind many readers of Truman Capote's "nonfiction novel," *In Cold Blood*, since both books deal with senseless murder in heartland communities—tries to combine the immediacy of fiction with the strict accuracy of nonfiction.

In order to make the combination work, Mailer has done a disappearing act. The author of *Advertisements for Myself*, so aggressively present in most of his books, is absent from this one. Gone is the autobiographical narrator in his many guises, whether as Psychic Investigator, Prisoner of Wedlock, Aquarius, or just Norman.

The Executioner's Song is a "plain, unvarnished tale," stitched together from hundreds of hours of interviews, about half of them conducted by Mailer, with supporting characters and bit players in the Gary Gilmore saga. The story is told from several dozen points of view. Here, for instance, is Gilmore from his girl friend's point of view:

> Nicole made a pretense of ignoring the new fellow, but there was something about him. When their eyes met, he looked at her and said, "I know you." Nicole didn't say anything in reply. For a split second, something flashed in her mind but then she thought, No, I've never met him before, I know that. Maybe I know him from another time.

And here, by contrast, is Gilmore's cellmate Gibbs:

> Gilmore, tonight, would break off his arm if he could make a good joke. Cut off his head and hand it to you, if his mouth would spit nails. "What's your last best request when they're hanging you?" he asked, and answered, "Use a rubber rope." Pretended to be bouncing on the end, he put his face in a scowl, and said, "Guess I'll be hanging around for a while."

Mixing the different voices proved to be Mailer's highest hurdle. "I was brought up not to jump from one person's mind into another," he says. "I thought that was what poor writers did when they didn't have enough imagination to find a form. But then, I thought, the shifting point of view was a 19th-century form, it went back to a time when people believed in God and the novelist could play at being the All Knowing Supreme Deity."

In this case, the deity orchestrates the voices, but does not join in the song. The qualities (or flaws, depending on one's point of view) we look for in Mailer's work—the ripe style, the existential musings, the outrageous ideas, the overcharacterizing—are nowhere in sight.

What then, one might ask, is there of Mailer in the book, and why could it not have been written by any competent journalist who knows how to edit taped interviews? Mailer insists that "only someone who has been writing for 30 years would be willing to relinquish his ego. I couldn't have done it 15 years ago. It's hard for a writer who takes himself seriously to be nothing but a transmission belt."

But there is more to it than not getting in the way of his material. Mailer saw in Gilmore a character that he might have invented in a novel, for Gilmore personified the main theme of his entire *oeuvre*—namely, that the soul could conceivably have a separate existence from the body. Gilmore believed so fervently in an afterlife that he worried about bumping into his murder victims. Mailer wanted to show that Gilmore's wish to die was not a put-on or a publicity stunt; he wasn't just a proud con trapped in a role. He was doing it because he felt he deserved to die, could no longer tolerate life in prison, where he had spent half of his 35 years, and wanted to reach the Other Side. That was the kind of existential gamble Mailer could appreciate.

Mailer admittedly wrote *The Executioner's Song* "to make a quick haul," interrupting the long novel he has been working on for years. Larry Schiller, the

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entrepreneur-journalist who specializes in terminal cases, had tied up the rights to Gilmore's story and made Mailer an offer he couldn't refuse.

The result is Mailer's best book since *The Deer Park*, which may be a backhanded compliment in light of the author's unprecedented restraint. My first thought was, "How in the world can Gary Gilmore be worth a thousand pages?" But I found myself swept up and carried along by the narrative, and I began to see how artful the design is—how, by letting the characters speak in their own voices, and by having the events unfold as they appeared to witnesses, Mailer achieves an effect that is not unlike the homespun credibility of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*. But this is the underside of *Our Town*, dealing as it does with misfits and murders. The overall tone made me think of Conrad's remark in *Lord Jim* concerning "that mysterious, almost miraculous, power of producing striking effects by means impossible of detection, which is the last word of the highest art."

This book is much more than the story of a man who wanted to die. It is a panorama of American life in the Seventies, of people at every level of society responding to an extreme situation. Gary Gilmore was the enemy of society. He had been in trouble since the age of 12, had gone to reform school and jail, and had finally killed two men, as though murder was the logical conclusion of his criminal destiny. Gilmore had killed a service-station attendant and a motel manager, men he did not know and had nothing against, in a completely impersonal manner, like an executioner. He asked in return to be killed by a firing squad in the same impersonal manner.

He became even more an enemy of society, which guarantees appeals procedures, by insisting on his right to die. Society rewards those who play the game, but Gilmore tilted the game, like a man playing chess on a slanted board.

With a convict's cunning, he seemed to sense the hypocrisy of keeping capital punishment on the books as a useful deterrent, even though it was no longer enforced—no one had been executed in Utah since 1963. Well, he seemed to be saying, let us test the system.

Everyone wanted to save him—his lawyers, who filed an appeal against his wishes, the judges who granted stays, the ACLU, the Next-Friend petitioners, and assorted do-gooders. And everyone seemed to want a piece of him. The press wanted a story, Larry Schiller wanted rights, the prison psychologists wanted to understand him, and, after he had announced his intention of giving his body to science, people even wrote in asking for his eyes.

Mailer devotes one-third of his book to the transformation of a criminal case in Utah into a national media event, the shift from the saving of Gary Gilmore to the merchandising of Gary Gilmore. The man and his bizarre crusade were overshadowed by the deal—the movie and TV rights, the articles and interviews, and the foreign sales, which Larry Schiller kept hustling.

One end-product of this merchandising is Mailer's book, which redeems itself from the accusation of cheap (no, make that expensive) checkbook journalism by showing how the press distorts, makes over, and becomes a part of the event. Gilmore began to like the part and to play up to it, striking poses, chuckling over his mail, and enjoying the attention. Eventually, he got his way, and was shot by a firing squad early in 1977. The book is strewn with clues to explain his behavior, but it ends without a pat, predigested, conclusive answer.

Was Gary Gilmore, to paraphrase what was once said about Harry Truman, an example of mediocrity enlarged by history? Or was he a man of depth and artistic temperament, as his drawings and his rather eloquent letters to Nicole would indicate?

In tracing the causes of his violent behavior, a Freudian analyst might dwell on Gilmore's feeling that he was illegitimate because his father, a con artist, used different names, and the one on his birth certificate was not Gilmore. Even his mother, Bessie, "could never be certain that piece of paper had nothing to do with the armed robbery he did next and the terrible sentence of fifteen years at the age of twenty-two."

A behaviorist might prefer to stress his years in prison, where he spent long stretches in solitary and was given Prolixin, a drug used to calm the violent and psychotic. Surely it was in prison that hostility and violence became normal responses, and that he came to see himself as an outlaw and a failure.

A social biologist might argue that there was a missing component in Gary Gilmore. Most of us have shock absorbers to allow us to deal with frustration, with the gap between desire and fulfillment. Gilmore's response to frustration was an intolerable rage that he could relieve only by committing a crime. It was when the pressure built up, when Nicole left him and he had to find $400 as a down payment on a pick-up truck, that he became a killer.

The point Mailer makes is that even when we know everything about another human being we can never understand his ultimate moral nature. "I put in all I knew," he says, "and I have the answers we have in life, not hard concrete answers, but that Gilmore was a deck of cards, as many of us are. Perhaps he killed because he knew that what was best in him could never be expressed."

—Ted Morgan

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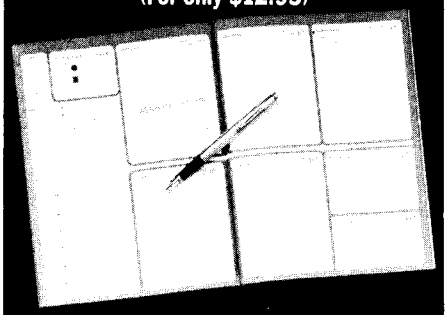

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Saturday Review Competition No. 3

Among the many scientific accomplishments of Sherlock Holmes, none, perhaps, exceeds in importance his monograph entitled "Upon the Distinction Between the Ashes of the Various Tobaccos." Here is Holmes explaining to the ever-patient Dr. Watson why it was worthwhile to "enumerate a hundred and forty forms of cigar, cigarette, and pipe tobacco, with coloured plates illustrating the differences in the ash."

Sherlock Holmes: "If you can say definitely, for example, that some murder had been done by a man who was smoking an Indian *lunkah*, it obviously narrows your field of search. To the trained eye there is as much difference between the black ash of a Trichinopoly and the white fluff of bird's-eye as there is between a cabbage and a potato."

(From *The Complete Sherlock Holmes*, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Garden City Books, Garden City, N.Y.)

Saturday Review has long wondered what exactly *is* the difference between a cabbage and a potato. To the three readers who can most entertainingly inform us (in 100 words) we will send $25 plus an excellent recipe for bubble and squeak.

Entries for Competition No. 3 must be received by November 24, and the winners will be announced in the February 16 issue.

Please send submissions to Saturday Review Competition No. 3, Saturday Review, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019. All entries become the property of Saturday Review.

Don't get caught in the herd.

Make Christmas merrier. Shop early. Mail early.

PUZZLES

Literary Crypt No. 142

AMUSING ... YSUAI HUYX
YMNA MI PNY, NZAISYNSH
SILXTIXAIH AMI YUSEH
UGA UZ MLP BUGSXNE.
ONENOGH

Wit Twister No. 154

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Though warned of ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ in the tool chest,
She grabs the ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___, prattling prim commands.
"Thtand up!" the ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ cries, but this request
Results in pinches to her pudgy hands.
A.S.

Answers next issue

OCTOBER 27 ANSWERS

Literary Crypt No. 141

Happy families are all alike: every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.
Leo Tolstoy

Wit Twister No. 153

ragmen, German, manger

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 182

(RICHARD) MITCHELL: LESS THAN WORDS CAN SAY

The enterprises supported by these grants ... have shown that teachers of writing teach better in those rare cases when they themselves can write. Those conclusions may have cost a lot of money, but they're worth it.... Knowledge is power.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 183

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to Double-Crostic No. 182 appears on page 62.

		1 J	2 U	3 G	4 S	5 F	6 V	7 T	8 W	9 N	10 C	11 L		12 B	13 O	14 M	15 T
	16 V		17 K	18 L	19 O	20 I	21 C	22 V		23 B	24 E	25 O	26 S	27 X	28 M	29 N	30 Q
	31 G	32 R		33 D	34 L	35 N	36 T	37 K	38 B	39 O	40 J	41 I	42 E		43 U	44 I	45 G
	46 F	47 V	48 B	49 N	50 L	51 D	52 Q	53 C		54 W	55 I		56 J	57 T	58 R		59 W
60 I	61 G	62 P		63 V	64 F	65 A	66 B	67 R	68 S	69 J		70 L	71 D	72 H	73 W	74 S	75 N
76 A	77 P	78 V	79 X	80 T	81 E		82 I	83 J	84 T		85 V	86 M		87 N	88 F	89 P	90 A
91 O	92 Q	93 V	94 J	95 C	96 E	97 T	98 R		99 D	100 P	101 A	102 T		103 H	104 X	105 P	
106 B	107 F	108 J	109 M	110 E		111 O	112 A	113 W	114 H	115 I	116 S	117 G	118 D	119 N	120 R		121 I
122 E	123 P	124 F	125 O	126 J	127 X	128 S	129 N		130 S	131 A		132 B	133 J	134 U		135 P	136 F
137 U	138 K	139 I		140 E	141 P	142 W		143 D	144 E	145 J	146 X	147 K	148 I		149 G	150 W	
151 Q	152 W	153 C	154 O	_	155 L	156 R	157 P	158 I	159 M	160 N		161 N	162 K	163 Q		164 B	165 M
166 F	167 S	168 R		169 X		170 O	171 M	172 R	173 U	174 J	175 T	176 G		177 H	178 C	179 T	180 V
181 R	182 M	183 X		184 E	185 W		186 F	187 G	188 X		189 L	190 S	191 P	192 E	193 H		

CLUES	WORDS
A. Debilitate	65 76 90 101 112 131
B. Hercules' brother	132 164 12 23 38 48 66 106
C. Current	153 178 10 21 53 95
D. Savage, ravenous, predatory	99 143 33 51 71 118
E. Not definite or clear	122 144 184 192 24 42 96 140 81 110
F. Allocate	5 124 46 64 88 107 136 166 186
G. Period of gloom; sorrows	117 149 176 187 3 31 45 61
H. Pierces, penetrates painfully	72 103 114 177 193
I. Strongly binding (comp.)	44 60 115 148 158 41 121 55 82 139 20
J. The hearing and determining of a dispute	94 126 1 40 56 69 108 133 145 174 83
K. Proceed from side to side; make fabric	138 147 162 17 37
L. Warship of medium tonnage	50 155 70 189 11 18 34
M. Deeply respectful	159 171 14 28 165 182 86 109
N. Brought about	35 75 161 9 29 49 87 119 129 160
O. Rigid or unyielding position	170 25 125 91 111 154 13 19 39
P. Presented partially rather than comprehensively; slightly risqué perhaps	77 141 157 89 105 123 62 100 135 191
Q. Mug	151 30 52 92 163
R. Come between, as in action	181 98 120 156 172 67 168 32 58
S. ___ *Story:* play by Sidney Kingsley	190 4 116 26 74 128 130 167 68
T. Skinned, trimmed (2 wds.)	15 80 7 57 179 102 84 97 175 36
U. Train, retinue; ordered series of instrumental movements	134 2 173 43 137
V. Full of risk	63 16 93 85 180 22 47 6 78
W. Apt, propitious	54 59 113 185 8 142 73 150 152
X. Waterfront hobo (2 wds.)	188 104 127 27 79 183 169 146

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New Promise for Retirement

RETIREMENT.

The word in the United States has a dolorous resonance. It suggests finished, tired, used-up, discarded. It suggests old. Most people think that the options available to a retired person depend on what that person can afford, not on what he or she can accomplish. The older person in business is viewed as an unproductive cipher, a drain on the nation's resources. With sufficient means, retirement can be made pleasant enough; but often, even with a robust bank account, retirement is seen as death's anteroom.

About 1.5 million Americans will retire this year, some with reluctance or resentment, most with dread of what retirement will bring. Until retirement, the average American's life is defined by his career. "What will you be," we are asked, "when you grow up?" Now, suddenly, the word in the box for Occupation is not a noun, but an adjective: "Retired." One no longer is anything.

That Americans take such a grim attitude toward retirement is ironic. The existence of retirement is a consequence of our economic and scientific success. In impoverished nations, few can afford to retire. It is a blow when the old become too feeble to work. And were it not for the advances in medicine that in this century have raised life expectancy in the U.S. from 47 to 72, only a fortunate handful would even reach retirement.

Retirement should be the reward for a lifetime of work. Instead, it is widely viewed as a sort of punishment for growing old. Looking toward retirement, people mostly see problems. Family stress (e.g., the wife who married "for better, for worse, but not for lunch"). Financial problems caused by reduced income and voracious inflation. A shrinking social sphere caused by the defection of work-related companions. And most unnerving, the problem of idleness. How should one fill those hours that were filled by obligations during the prior three score years?

The specter of bad old age dissuades many working people from anticipating retirement. If there's nothing to look forward to, why bother looking forward? The Peter Pan argument—I'll never grow up or old—becomes persuasive.

And then, retirement day comes—and the retirees find themselves unprepared. "Gold-Watch Friday," to quote one observer, "is followed by Blue Monday." None of the familiar traumas or travails of retirement has been anticipated—and so none is avoided. Family relationships corrode. Income fails to match needs. And the empty hours of idleness gnaw at a long-nurtured sense of worth.

To improve the quality of retirement, the National Council on the Aging, a Washington-based lobbying group, has developed a program to awaken the prospective retiree to the promise and problems of retirement. The 10-session course focuses attention on lifestyle planning, financial planning, being healthy, interpersonal relations, living arrangements, leisure time, new careers in retirement, and community services. The participant is encouraged to develop responses to problems he will confront.

Surprisingly, the course, which costs a corporation a mere $50 per enrollee, is being pressed on corporate chiefs by one of their number, Meshulam Riklis, chairman of the board of the Rapid-American Corporation. I say "surprisingly," because one does not expect American corporations to indulge in employee-benefit programs with no obvious bottom-line advantages. After all, retirees who are about to leave the company don't seem to constitute a constituency that needs to be cultivated.

But maybe they do. Maybe, with characteristic hard-nosed forethought, corporations have recognized that today's retirees represent perhaps the most potent single force in American political life. By the year 2030, an estimated 20 percent of the United States population will be older than 65. Currently, almost two-thirds of those over 65 take the trouble to vote, a far larger fraction than that of any other age group. If this trend persists, the over-65 segment of the population will wield an increasingly powerful influence on policy makers. As issues of regulation, taxation, and trade are debated over the coming decades, the private sector will need friends—friends who vote—and there are no better prospects for friendship than individuals who have devoted their careers to corporations, and who have retired from those corporations with a sense that their lives are imbued with promise.

—Carll Tucker

"Of course, your highness, it's only a ballpark figure."

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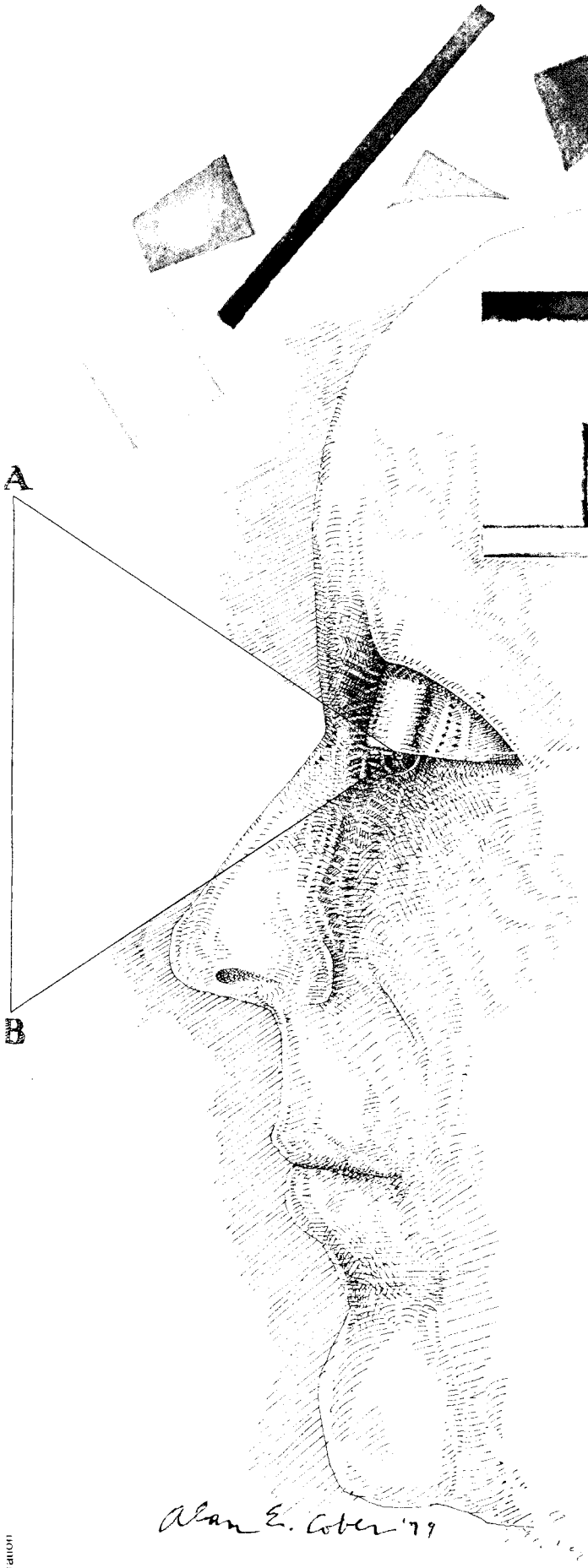

Imagine tomorrow all fitting together.

No matter how clear our sight, none of us can have any certain knowledge of the future. Yet each of us can confront today's energy problems with the imagination and creativity that will give us a part in tomorrow's solution.

Begin with the bedrock certainty that America's energy potential is colossal. Move on in the confidence that the problem is not shortage but the *deliverability* of energy over the next ten years or so—a crucial period of transition. And then see, as we have, how America can work itself out of its energy muddle.

The first step is maximum development of domestic crude oil and natural gas to get us over the hump. The second is an interim move—as oil and gas reserves decline—to an economy fueled mainly by coal and nuclear power. Then, for the long-term: a wide spectrum of alternative sources ranging from shale oil to liquefied and gasified coal, solar power, and nuclear fusion.

It will be important to fit these resources to their most efficient uses: oil for transportation, coal for industry, both coal and nuclear for electricity, and natural gas for residential heating and chemical feedstocks.

These are solutions we've been advocating for years. They're what it will take to put America solidly together again. Ready for anything tomorrow may bring.

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